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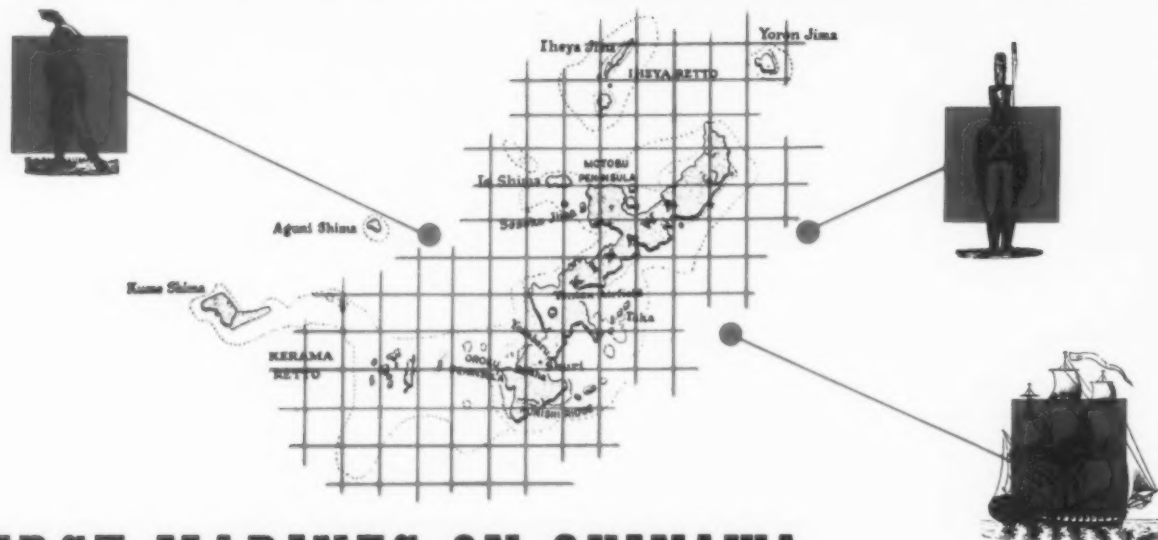
SEMPER

PARVUS

THE MARINES

27'48W





FIRST MARINES ON OKINAWA

A SMALL, 12-ship flotilla of American naval vessels with Commodore Matthew C. Perry's flagship, *Mississippi*, in the van, sailed into the peaceful Naha harbor on May 26, 1853. This was the capital of the chain of Chinese islands then known as the Lieou Kieous, twisted since by the Japanese to Ryukyu.

Native sampans and junks swarmed among the ships of the fleet and every move of the strange visitors was closely watched. After an exchange of diplomatic notes, the commodore was honored by an official visit by the aged and dignified regent.

Commodore Perry, the United States' most famous traveling salesman, took great pains to impress this new customer with the benefits of the "open door policy" and trade with the Americans. The regent came aboard accompanied by several of his officers and subordinates, passing through two ranks of a flashily uniformed Marine honor guard. A three gun salute was fired and it so startled some of the visitors that they dropped to their knees. When the ceremonies had been completed, several of the naval officers accompanied the Okinawans on a tour of the locality.

The next few days the Marines and sailors put on many drills and exhibitions for the natives. "Boat exercises in the harbor formed part of the occupation of the crews," relates an observer, "while the Marines were on shore drilling under their officers."

"These things," continues the narrator, "indicated that the commodore was determined to have every division in the highest state of efficiency that he might be prepared for any event."

The state visit to the regent's palace at Shuri castle and the procession of American Marines and sailors provided a spectacle of holiday proportions for the natives. Commodore Perry, flanked by an honor escort of Marines, led the column with the Marine battalion under Major Jacob Zeilin divided into two companies, at the head and rear of the procession of sailors and officers.

The natives crowded along the sides of the road, gazing at the splendor of the procession. When it had passed, they followed excitedly like school children dismissed from classes. They showed little fear of the armed Marines.

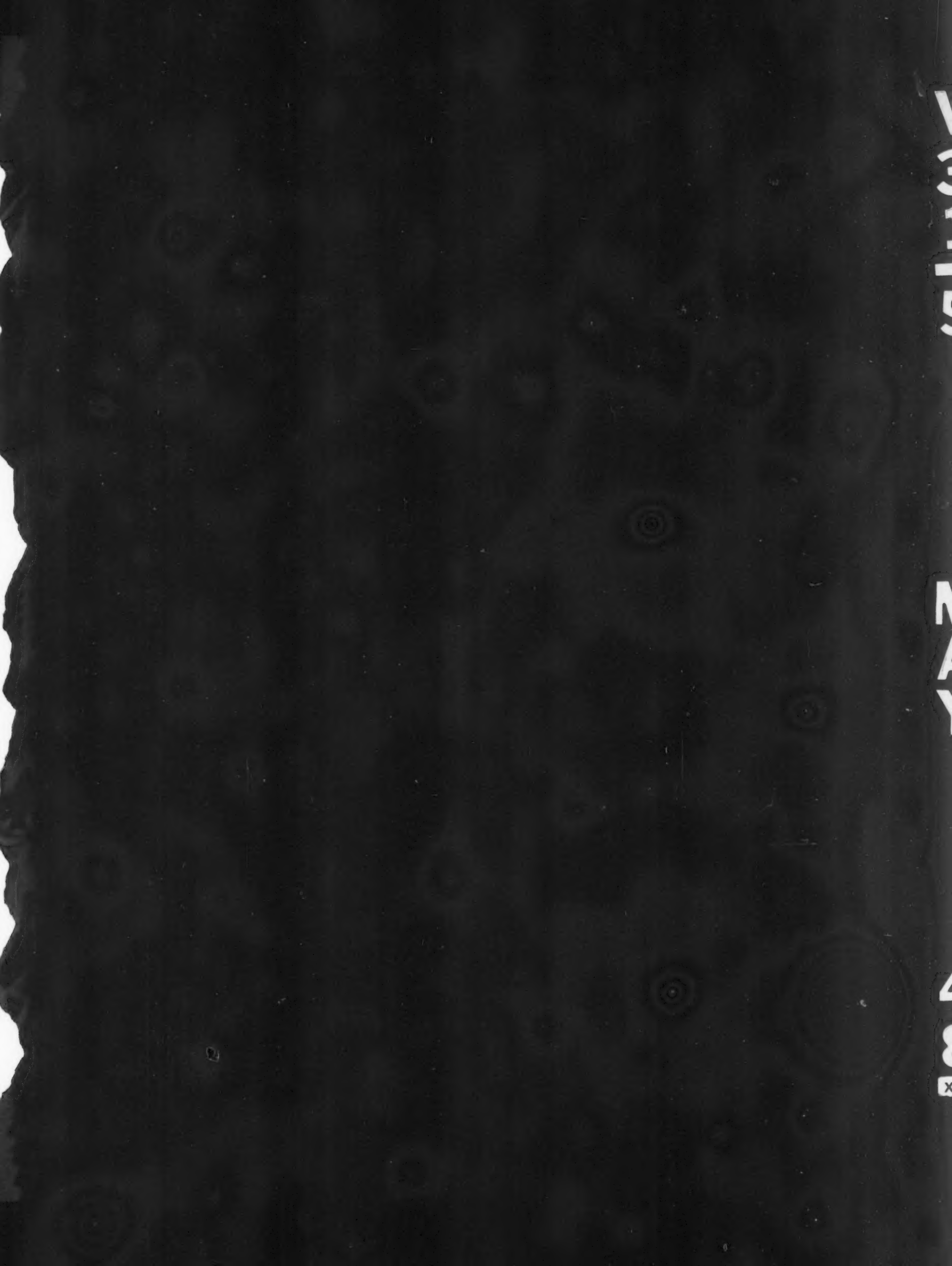
At Shuri castle the visit was highlighted by a banquet of 12 courses, seven of these consisted of soups and delicacies. Great quantities of a native drink called *saki* were provided and it wasn't long before the Americans discovered that the Okinawans were also familiar with the popular custom of drinking toasts to everything.

Not to be outdone, Commodore Perry invited the leading officials to a sample of American hospitality aboard his flagship a few days later. Here he provided fine food for them, and in return for their liberal offering of liquid refreshment, introduced them to samples of the world's finest beverages; French and German wines, Scotch and American whiskey, Holland gin, madiera and sherry. He topped these with smooth, strong maraschino. The Okinawans smacked their lips and closed their eyes with each sip.

Perry's report on the Naha visit observed: "The inhabitants appear to be naturally amiable, but the experience of our officers does not altogether sustain the glowing accounts of simplicity, friendliness, and contentment of the people, previously reported. The system of government, of which secret espionage forms a distinguishing feature, must beget in the inferior classes cunning and falsehood, and these our officers certainly found . . . They have, in the whole, many excellent traits, and their worst vices are probably the result, in a great measure, of the wretched system of government under which they live."

That was 95 years ago, and since that time the Okinawans have seen many more spectacular Americans and have come to admire our form of government so much that they petitioned the Commanding General of the Sixth Marine Division during World War II to have a Marine assigned as governor.

END



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THE LEATHERNECK, MAY, 1948

VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 5

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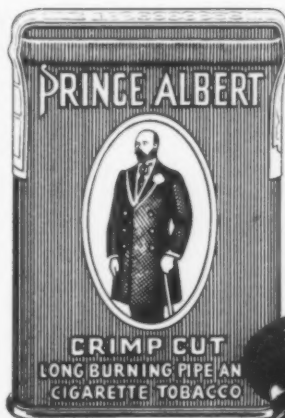


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EQUIPMENT BOARD



The gear you use is the best in the world, tested and found worthy by the Corps' "bureau of standards"

by Sgt. Nolle T. Roberts

Leatherneck Staff Writer

WHEN you head an assault boat toward an enemy held beach, it's good to know whether or not it will operate in a high surf." The speaker was a warrant officer who has ridden his share of assault craft—and is now attached to the Marine Corps Equipment Board at Quantico—the men who "shake down" the equipment used by Marines.

Whether it is an assault boat, a 70-ton tank, or the green battle jacket now in general use, if you're a Marine it is likely that the piece of equipment you are using or the very seat of the pants on which you are sitting has been tested and proved practical.

Take the jacket for example. "You take it," say some of the old salts, who belong to the blouse-at-any-price school. But the board took it, gave it a workout, and recommended its approval. The factors which they took into consideration make sense: "(1) There was a need for the jacket, for the most stubborn die-hard will admit that a blouse and transport pack work like a round peg in a square hole. (2) The jacket meets the requirements for general use, both barracks and field. (3) The jacket has a snappy, military appearance." That's what the board said.

It was not necessary to test the material, since it was the same as that found in the blouse, and the factor of acceptability by the troops had small bearing on the case. You got them and you wear them, or will as soon as your present blouse wears out and the supply on hand is exhausted.

But there are cases in which "acceptability" is a major factor.

An improved compound for the use of mechanics and painters is under test by the board at this writing. Army tests have shown that it's a convenient item for persons engaged in dirty tasks. A beforehand lotion, rub it on and rub it in, after it dries it becomes a protective glove. When the job is finished the grime can be wiped off, leaving the hands spotlessly clean. The soap people claim that it's better than anything on the market. It's a whiz.

"But," asks an officer, "will Marine mechanics and painters use it, or will they stick to gasoline?"

So the board spots some of the compound around in the garages and paintshops at Quantico, and perhaps at other bases. If the grease monkeys grab it, fine. If it stays on the shelf in the head, what's the use? The board would discourage its purchase.

During World War I, a certain branch of the service, said to travel on its stomach, traveled temporarily on its collective sock feet after the purchase of large quantities of shoes. The shoes were fine except for one little thing: the soles were made of cardboard.

Without the board, the Marine Corps might have had a similar experience with blankets made of paper.

Brigadier General Louis R. Jones, crack wartime field officer and now president of the board, explained that a manufacturer had come up recently with a paper blanket designed to replace the pair you drew in boot camp. It was no joke; the blankets were light, inexpensive, and surprisingly warm and durable. Except for one thing. The officers and enlisted men of general equipment section shivered out a test bivouac on Quantico's snow-covered slopes and learned the hard way that the blankets were not water-proof.

ALL of the facilities of the Army and Navy laboratories are available to the board and most of the chemical and physical problems are solved by the lab's scientists, consequently, the men of the board can concentrate on their tests from a strict Marine standpoint. They give the item in question the beating they know it will take from you and they base their decisions on the results.

The board is composed of four sections: electronics, ordnance, engineer and general equipment, and service and supply. Under the general officer and president of the board are 13 officers and 41 enlisted men, a small group in view of the number and variety of their tests.

Both officers and men are highly specialized and carefully selected. The duty is much sought after in spite of the fact that the work is demanding. These men rightfully feel that they are in

the know about what is going on, but they realize the vital importance of their task and know that the tests they conduct may mean the difference between life and death for themselves or some other Marines in the future.

Several spec numbers are held by most of the group. In fact, Sergeant Major Glyn E. Cannon said that the list of spec numbers is longer than the muster roll of officers and men attached to the unit. Almost all of them hold heavy truck operator's licenses, necessary for tests conducted in the field.

The results of many tests now being conducted and some of those which were completed long ago will not be made public for security reasons, but the officers and men of this group are always willing to talk about a test they conducted on a padlock, an indestructible padlock, according to its manufacturer. Non-pickable, chisel and hammer proof—a super lock.

The detailed report of the test, complete with pictures, showed the shackle of the lock cut with a chisel in eight seconds, with a bolt cutter in two seconds and with a file in 43 seconds.

Non-pickable? With the aid of the same file, an inexperienced man devised a key from a plain strip of metal in half an hour.

Indestructible? A hacksaw ripped the gadget from end to end in the short time of two minutes and 35 seconds.

"Based on the findings of the test," the report concluded, "it is the opinion of the board that the Subject Padlock is not suitable for Marine Corps use."

Since its organization in 1935, the board had conducted tests only at the direction of the Commandant until a recent directive made the passage between Marine Headquarters and the board president a two-way street.

Under Marine Corps Order No. 216, the board may now make recommendations to the Commandant for tests which they believe have potential value.

This innovation increases the already heavy load on the Marine Corps "bureau of standards," but they have tackled their new duties with the same vigor they applied in testing the manufacturer's pet lock.



Brigadier General Louis R. Jones (center), President of the Board, and members of his staff, examine a rifle submitted for testing



The science of military deception moves forward with a new type camouflage net which is light, durable, easily handled in the field

EQUIPMENT BOARD (cont)



Quantico boondocks provide ideal testing grounds for heavy equipment which must stand up under the worst conditions. The gear may face rugged duty with Marines in foreign lands

Field tests determine whether equipment can take the beating it will get in general Marine Corps use



An ordinary poncho, modified in seconds to become a stretcher, may prove an answer to the age-old problem of casualty evacuation



Mrs. Betty Cox, wife of a Marine sergeant, uses an electric typewriter for reports handed her by Sergeant Major Cannon



Machine guns, often employed effectively by Japs mounted in trees, resulted in the test of the device pictured above

min
take
ge
use



A combat-loaded standard Army pack is shown above after tester had run, fallen and remained motionless. Note high silhouette



A standard Marine pack, given same test as Army pack (left) has slightly lower silhouette which might save the wearer's life



The Army transport pack, pictured above, proved superior to its Marine counterpart. Bottom bag is wider, contains extra blanket



The size of the Marine pack bottom bag prohibits the carrying of as much gear as can be stowed in the corresponding Army pack

EQUIPMENT BOARD (cont.)



The tractor saw in action, guided by Lieutenant Robert E. Jochums, rips through a tree. The saw is adjustable and may be used vertically

A Quantico jury passes judgement on Marine equipment after a shakedown



A tractor saw blade, bigger than the wheels of the machine that carries it, is inspected and tested by two general equipment men



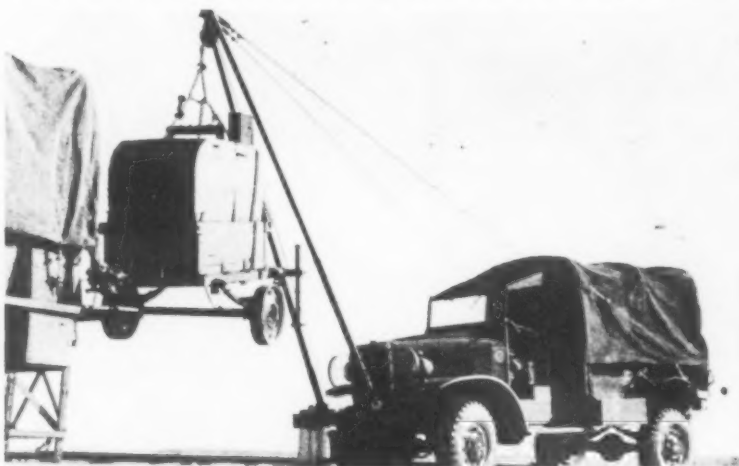
A welder gets hot on a test that may make a manufacturer groan. But testers aren't snowed—Marine lives depend on good equipment



The assault boat shown above, headed into the peaceful waters of the Potomac River, may someday be needed for an actual landing



An amphibious sled, needed desperately for landings during the war, was tested by dragging it through the surf and over miles of boondocks



An improved "A" frame gets a rugged test when this heavy piece of equipment is hoisted and loaded into the forward six-by-six

END

Horsehide Preview

by Sgt. Spencer Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

LAST YEAR'S STANDINGS AND THIS YEAR'S SELECTIONS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1947 FINISH

NEW YORK YANKEES
DETROIT TIGERS
BOSTON RED SOX
CLEVELAND INDIANS
PHILADELPHIA A's
CHICAGO WHITE SOX
WASHINGTON SENATORS
ST. LOUIS BROWNS

OUR PICK FOR 1948

NEW YORK YANKEES
BOSTON RED SOX
PHILADELPHIA A's
CLEVELAND INDIANS
DETROIT TIGERS
CHICAGO WHITE SOX
WASHINGTON SENATORS
ST. LOUIS BROWNS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1947 FINISH

BROOKLYN DODGERS
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS
BOSTON BRAVES
NEW YORK GIANTS
CINCINNATI REDS
CHICAGO CUBS
*PITTSBURGH PIRATES
*PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

OUR PICK FOR 1948

BOSTON BRAVES
NEW YORK GIANTS
ST. LOUIS CARDS
BROOKLYN DODGERS
PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES
PITTSBURGH PIRATES
CHICAGO CUBS
CINCINNATI REDS

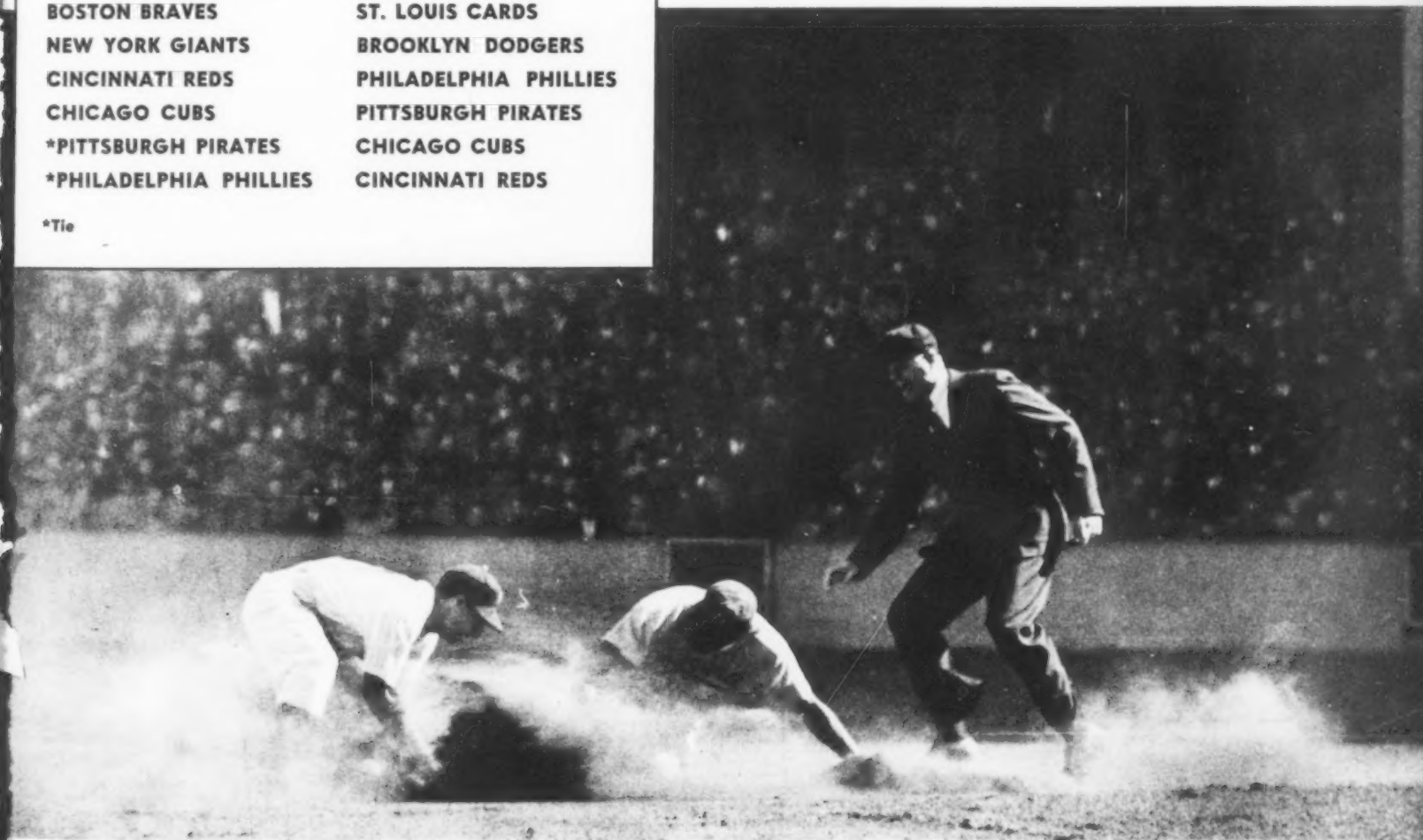
*Tie

THIS year will probably see baseball reach the peak for which it has been groping blindly for the past two years. That, at least, is the hope of all who are connected with the grand old game.

There are a few wise guys, however, who won't commit themselves until the close of the present season. These are the boys who sat through last year's World Series, wincing every time one of the supposedly first-string catchers attempted to throw out a runner at second base. There were some in that group who chewed the brim off their favorite fedora when, via the intentional pass, the winning run was put on first base. These critics weren't necessarily Yankee and Dodger fans, but merely students of baseball, so their opinions shouldn't be taken too much to heart.

This is a new year; the slate of errors has been wiped clean. Everyone has a chance now to begin anew—even the critics. So, on with the season's preview.

Most experts agree, at this early date, that the flag in the junior circuit will be two-blocked either in New York or Boston. Take your pick.



Flag race in both leagues will be close all the way

HORSEHIDE PREVUE (cont.)

New York Yankees

WE like the Yankees. It's always good to stick with the champs, unless, of course, the roof falls in or cholera hits the clubhouse. In this instance, DiMaggio and company figure somewhat more potently than last year. While Keller's status may be in doubt until mid-season, at last look there wasn't anything wrong with DiMag, Lindell and Henrich. Keller can only add more strength. For added security, plus the long ball, there's Cliff Mapes who should stay up this year. If satisfactory catching can be found, Yogi Berra can be shifted to the outer garden. "Power, nuttin' but power."

The same infield that finished out last season can pick up in '48. Bobby Brown, that hard-hitting right hander everyone is always looking for, can be used regularly, if need be, on first. Old George McQuinn is excellent insurance to have

Ex-Marine Willard Marshall hit 36 homers for the Giants in '47



around, particularly on defense. Berra, Ralph Houk and Sherm Lollar will have to share the receiving unless some sensational rookie can take it away from them. That department will be the weakest link in the chain.

Getting Ed Lopat and Red Embree, from the White Sox and Cleveland respectively, bolstered the pitching staff considerably. Lopat won 16 for the Pale Hose and compiled a very respectable 2.81 earned-run average. Embree, with an 8 win-10 loss total for the Indians, indicates he could probably perform more creditably behind a "run-gettin'" outfit. Add to these newcomers the rookie sensation of last year, Frank Shea; Allie Reynolds, 19-game winner; Bevens, of near-no-hit fame; Don Johnson and Vic Raschi. Then there's always at least one rookie coming up who will not only stay, but win. Yep, from here, they're in . . . like whosis.

Boston Red Sox

VERY close behind will be Beantown's Red Sox, and if they get a break here and there they may sneak in ahead of the Yanks. The players acquired from St. Louis' nearly defunct Browns have added much strength. Vern Stephens will not only plug the gaping hole at short, but his long hit ball to left field will fit in nicely with that not-too-distant fence. Ellis Kinder and Jack Kramer, the other ex-Brownies, will win more games for McCarthy than they did in St. Louis.

Stan Spence, picked up from the Senators, will no doubt develop a better attitude than he had in Washington. He will be a tough cookie at the



of the opposition. Dick Fowler, Phil Marchildon and Bill McCahan will do most of the totin' with young Tom Scheib getting a fairly regular turn. "Long Russ" Christopher and Bill Dietrich will again handle most of the fireman chores. We think Mr. Mack will squeeze 'em through.

Cleveland Indians

CLOSE on, aye, very close on, will be Lou Boudreau and his Cleveland Indians. Big Bobbie Feller and his high hard 'un will get a bit of help this year from Al Gettal, Steve Gromek, Bob Lemon and Don Black. Bob Muncrief, ex-St. Louisian, will add strength. Just how much help they can give Feller will deter-

Athletics, Tigers and the In

plate, particularly if he bats in a successive order containing Dom DiMaggio, Williams, Spence and Stephens. Opposing hurlers won't be able to let up on any of those four; everything they look at will have to be good. Spence may be used at first, alternating with Jake Jones, especially if they try to squeeze Sam Mele into the right field spot. Pesky and Doerr, of course, will go on for years, but this season their double play combination will be broken up when Pesky moves to third; Marsa Joe has no worries about their positions.

The big question mark will be what pitching they get from last year's regulars. Joe Dobson carried the load; Ferriss was disappointing; add the sore arms of Tex Hughson, Earl Johnson and Mickey Harris. If the sore arms recover, it'll be nip and tuck right down to the finish with Bucky Harris' Yanks. "Birdie" Tebbetts and Ed McGah will keep the catching chores pretty well in hand. Tom Yawkey bringing Joe McCarthy back to baseball was a great thing for the game, and Joe may be the difference in grabbing the bunting or missing the boat completely.

Third place will be another battle, this time between Detroit, Cleveland and Philadelphia. There's no use in sticking one's neck only half-way out . . . so we'll go all the way and list Connie Mack's Athletics in the third spot.

Philadelphia A's

MCOSKEY, Sam Chapman and Valo will again patrol the outer garden, a fair offensive set-up, with Chapman due for a much better year at the plate. Bingo Binks and young Austin Knickerbocker will supply the reliefs. Fiery Ferris Fain will work on first; Pete Suder will handle the keystone, and the old stabilizer, Eddie Joost will cover short, unless Connie can come up with something rare in the rookie class. Hank Majeski, who set a fielding mark at third last year, will be ready to defend his honors. Buddy Rosar, again the number one receiver, will get some help from Fermin Guerra, if the latter can be lured out of Cuba.

The pitching staff can make it tough on any

mine how close their battle for third will be. Allie Clark, received from the Yanks in the Embree deal, will add punch to the outfield. Dale Mitchell, Hal Peck and Hank Edwards complete the outer garden roster. Pat Seerey will be around with his big bat if ex-Marine Bill Veeck doesn't give up on him in the meantime. Pat, as you know, can hit the longest ball of any of the Indian batters, but if he doesn't get it, he adds to his already high strike-out total.

The job at the initial sack is wide open. Walt Judnich, former Brownie, Les Fleming, Ed Robinson, up from Baltimore and Albie Fletcher, picked up from the Pirates, are the leading candidates. At this writing Hank Greenberg is in the dickering stage with Veeck, and if he signs it will probably be in a player-coach capacity. That means Hankus-Spankus may even share in the chores around first.

The double-play combination at second and short is intact; the Indians haven't anyone around who can carry the gloves of Joe Gordon and Lou Boudreau.

If highly-touted Al Rosen lives up to expecta-



tions, Ken Keltner, long-time Tribe standby at third, may have to move over to make room for the youngster. But Keltner likes things hot and heavy when it comes to job snatching, so we think Ken will operate most of the season at the hot corner. Rosen, however, will spend enough time breaking in and it is probably that he will eventually take over . . . in '49.

Jim Hegan, unless traded, again will catch most of the heavy work back of the plate with Ruszkowski and Lopez sharing the double-headers. How long can this guy Lopez go on? Johnny Berardino, former Brownie, and Bockman are around for infield insurance and possible trading bait.



Lake seems safe at shortstop and the formidable George Kell will hold down third, the latter is the best in either league from an all-round standpoint. The outfield, with "Hoot" Evers, Dick Wakefield, Pat Mullen and Vic Wertz present, is well taken care of. Player-coach "Doc" Cramer, entering his 20th year of competition is a handy man to have around in the clutch.

Hal Wagner and Swift will again handle the back-stop work with no strain.

Chicago, Washington and St. Louis will finish out the league in that order.

Chicago White Sox

THE White Sox lost Lopat to the Yanks. That hurt the hurling staff and it is doubt-

all around strength, will be on first. The rest of the teams make-up will be centered around Clark Griffiths youth movement. This will be great for the youngsters trying for berths but tough on the team in general.

St. Louis Browns

ZACK Taylor, who replaced Muddy Ruel at the helm of the St. Louis club has an unenviable job. Practically every one of last year's regulars were sold out from under him. "Specs" Dillinger will be back on third. Lehner, Coleman and Zarilla should make up the outfield. The pitching staff, barring any more sales, will probably be Nelson Potter, Freddie Sanford, Cliff Fannin and Glen Moulder. Gerry Priddy and Ed



The Indians should battle for third spot



ful that the two rookie twirlers, Wight and Bradley, received from the Yanks in exchange, will offset the loss. Aaron Robinson will add power to the catching group, giving the Pale Hose three fairly good receivers; Mike Tresh and Ralph Weigel being the other two. They may pick up a bit of strength by trading one of them off to any of five other clubs who are weak in that department. Lupien, up from Hollywood, will strengthen the initial sack and his bat may even make the fans forget Rudy York's occasional long balls. Except for the above changes the line-up will be the same as on closing day in 1947.

Washington Senators

THE Senators by virtue of what pitching they have left should cinch seventh, particularly with the Browns in their sad shape. Walt Masterson, Early Wynn, Mickey Haeffner, Hudson and Scarborough will make the difference. If they had some punch behind them they'd win many more, perhaps enough to get them into the first division. Mickey Vernon, if not traded for more



Detroit Tigers

ANOTHER big early-season question mark is Steve O'Neill's Detroit Tigers. Prince Hal Newhouser, Freddie Hutchinson and young Houtteman have a big load to carry on the pitching mound. Rube Benton, Virgil "Fire" Trucks and the unpredictable Dizzy Trout can be a big help along with Stubby Overmire. The three-way battle with the Indians and "A's" will depend largely on how much they can help.

With Roy Cullenbine gone, the first base job will depend on how well George Vico and Paul Campbell can come up to O'Neill's estimation of them. Old Steve had enough confidence in them to trade Cullenbine; maybe he's got something in one or the other. By mid-June we'll know. Who's on second? It's no gag with the Tiger boss. He needs someone to replace Eddie Mayo and is ready to barter with anyone who can help. Perhaps by the time this is released he'll have come up with Berardino from Cleveland or Don Kolloway from the Pale Hose. There's only one hold-up. Teddy Lyons wants Steve's right arm for Don and Veeck is quite willing to settle for his left. Steve needs both.



Pelligrini will be good afiel at second and third but woefully weak at the plate.

The Brownies will probably be involved in players deals, in an effort to strengthen every position, right up to the June deadline. Who are the youngsters who are supposed to be coming up to help out? Ask "pore" old Zeke. Better yet, get a score card around June 20th.

Now that our head is rolling around on the deck, we'll shift to the National League and give you a chance to use it for a soccer ball.

Boston Braves

WE have the effrontry to pick Billy Southworth's Boston Braves to skip home first. The senior league race will be a first class rat-race from the opening ball in April until the last fly-out in September. Boston, New York, Brooklyn and St. Louis will be at each other's throats all season long.

Billy the Mite, will not only master-mind them home, but has the competent help to do it.

His two 20-game-winners from last year, Johnny Sain and Warren Spahn are picked to

repeat. Red Barrett will do better than his 11 wins of last year. Bill Voiselle will win more than he loses, and Johnny Beazley, now recovered from a sore arm, will be another starter. Glenn Elliott, up from Milwaukee; Jim Prendergast, who won 20 for Syracuse; may also get regular starting roles. Lanfranconi, Clyde Shoun and Al Epperly can come to the rescue in a pinch.

Phil Masi, regular back-stop, will be able to sit out one-half of the double-headers now that reliable Bill Salkeld is there to help him. Frankie Kerr, up from San Diego, will be the third mask and pad man.

Earl Torgeson should nail down the initial bag and get occasional help from Frank McCormick. Eddie Stanky obtained from Brooklyn will fill in on second, and Bob Sturgeon, obtained from the Cubs for Dick Culler, and Fro Fernandez will divide the shortstop job between them. On third, Bob Elliott is in a class by himself. His big bat will bong again this season. Sebbie Sisti and Corny Ryan are the infield utility wherever it's needed.

Tommy Holmes, Danny Litwhiler and My McCormick should make up the regular patrol with added punch expected to come from the recently acquired Jeff Heath, long ball expert from the Browns. Billy deserves it this year.

New York Giants

KICK our head again as we select Mel Ott's power-laden boys to pull up second. Even a very slight improvement in their pitching



will scoot them up a notch or two over last year, and if they come up with another consistent winner there's a chance they may overtake the Braves. The club's 221 homers during 1947, setting a new National League record, attest to their power.

The "Jint's" 21-game-winner, Larry Jansen, leads the list of moundsmen, with Dave Koslo, with a repaired arm, scheduled to be a close second. Monte Kennedy appears to be ready to pick up a winning stride and Clint Hartung should improve over last season. Bill Ayers is back up with more experience along with Ray Poat and Jack Hallett, who saw previous service with the White Sox and Pirates. Earl McGowan and young Andy Hansen may develop enough to graduate from relief roles.

The big man with the loaded bat, Johnny Mize, will be back on first and booming 'em into the right field bleachers. Bill Rigney will again be the leading candidate for second base; it'll be another half season battle for the regular berth with Lou Stringer, former Cub, Buddy Blattner and Mickey Witek trying to muscle in. Rigney punched out 17 homers last year and if he can keep hitting the long ball, he'll be in.

Johnny Kerr will start at short and Lucky Lohrke is the top hombre for the hot corner. Bobby Rhawn, last year's utility infielder can still fill in anywhere on the inner green.

Former Marine Willard Marshall, Bobby Thomson and Sid Gordon, with 78 homers between them last year, will get the number one jobs in the outfield on their power alone. Lloyd Gearhart and whatever rookies manage to stay, will form the utility patrol.

Walker Cooper, who contributed 35 round-trippers to the team's homer total, will again

Four team photo finish seen in



have an easy time behind the plate. With old Ernie Lombardi in retirement, Coop's relief will have to come from Ben Warren or Livingston. Mebbe Mel will smile more this year.

Last year there was an eight game differential between first and third place, 13 games between first and fourth. This year it'll be much closer. I doubt if it'll be more than six games between first and fourth.

St. Louis Cardinals

THE Cardinals out of St. Louis should grab the third spot. Pitching will be the big factor again in the River City. Harry "The Cat" Brecheen, George Munger and Murray Dickson carried the load last year. The first two won 16 games apiece, and Dickson came through with 13 victories. Al Brazle won 14, but failed to complete 10 although participating in 44. Howie Pollett fell down, winning only nine. Jim Hearn was credited with 12 wins although he also failed to complete 10 games. Throw in Ted Wilks' possibilities . . . if this staff can be whipped into shape, anything can happen. Perhaps the new ownership will have a "win" influence on the gang.

Stan Musial may be moved back to the outfield if an adequate replacement can be found in the group of Nippy Jones, Glenn Nelson and Dick Sisler. Stan is more at home in the outer garden even though he probably is the best of the league's first sackers. Red Schoendienst and Marty Marion at the keystone combine and "Whitey" Kurowski at third will make an infield nigh onto perfect. Enos Slaughter, Terry Moore and Erv



Dusak scattered in the outer pastures should make-up the regular outfield. If Musial is replaced at first, he, of course, will take over from Dusak. Charley Diering is supposed to be almost ready for the big show and will break in occasionally along with Ron Northey. The latter's presence in the lineup depends entirely on what type of opposition pitching comes up.

Del Rice and Joe Garagiola will continue to split the receiving chores, entirely dependent on the pitcher's fancy. If Eddie Dyer gets the pitching he expects from his staff, this will be the

club. Otherwise they'll have to wait until '49, when the Cards' loaded farm clubs are expected to graduate a superman class.

Brooklyn Dodgers

"LIPPY" Durocher, back after a year's enforced absence, will have to do a lot of talking to stay up in there. Burt Shotton did a great job in taking the Dodgers to the top last year, and his methods were entirely the opposite to the holler guy. If the left-over "Bums" like the system used by Shotton, then Lippy may run into temperament troubles.

Ralph Branca and Joe Hatten will again carry the brunt of pitching. Rex Barney is being counted on to come through, especially after his fine late-season showing in '47. Clyde King is being worked on and has a chance of crashing the select starting circle. Harry Taylor is the big question mark. His arm, after another operation during the winter, has been given only a 50-50 chance for recovery. Ed Heusser, up from Montreal for another try, is expected to add stability to the hurling staff. Dan Bankhead, former Montford Point Marine who came up last year in mid-season, is expected to see more action. Most of Leo's difficulties will be on the mound.

Bruce Edwards has the catching post nailed down, and can be rested without too much worry when Bobby Bragan or Gil Hodges take over.



Jackie Robinson will be shifted to second to replace Ed Stanky who was traded to the Braves. Ray Sanders, fully recovered from a broken arm which kept him benched during the '47 season, will take over the initial sack. "Pee Wee" Reese is a sure fixture at short, with Bill Cox in reserve. The latter, however, may replace Jorgenson at third. Jorgey looked mighty good at the hot spot last year and may be reluctant to give in to Cox. Could be a trade, too, with one or the other involved.

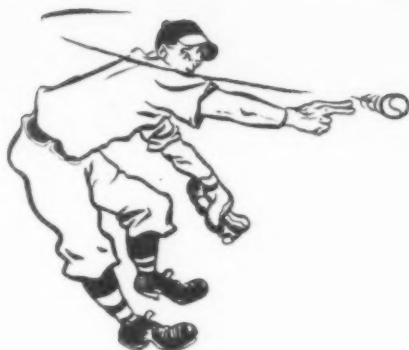
"Pistol Pete" Reiser is again in centerfield. Carl Furillo, Al Gionfriddo and Gene Hermanski will scramble for the other spots with Floyd Vaughn hovering in the background. Another possible addition to the outfield aggregation is Roy Campanella, new Negro player up from Montreal. Roy caught for the Royals most of the season and could be a competent relief for Edwards. The contemplated shift to the outfield is advantageous because of his great right-handed hitting power. It'll take the Lip all year to whip this aggregation into shape.

The second division battle will be another knock-down, drag-out affair with Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Cincinnati wielding the shillelagns with reckless abandon.

Philadelphia Phillies

ROY Cullenbine, Eddie Miller and Bert Haas, new additions, will add strength and some power to Ben Chapman's club. The hurling will again center around "Schoolboy" Rowe and "Dutch" Leonard with Blix Donnelly coming

en in Senior League flag race



through again. Everyone in Philly is "high" on young Curt Simmons, youthful southpaw who came up at the close of last season. The Phils expansion program includes screening of practically all their farm hands during Spring and early Summer. Out of this process may come a couple of promising outer gardeners who can relieve "Buster" Adams and Charley Gilbert when the pitching is "wrong." Del Ennis and Harry Walker, National League batting champ, have two of the outfield jobs definitely sewed up.

Pittsburgh Pirates

THE Pirates, with a new manager in Bill Meyer, are good for sixth. It'll probably take Bill a year to get his club straightened out, although he did pick up two good hurlers over the winter months. Vic Lombardi and Hal Gregg, ex-Brooklynites will greatly strengthen the staff, but the outcome will depend on what he can get out of Kirby Higbe, Mel Queen, "Tiny" Bonham and the usually reliable Freddy Ostermueller. Rookie Bob Chesnes, up from 'Frisco, could be the key man of the staff, but will be an unknown quantity until his arm trouble is cleared up.

Eddie Fitzgerald, Coast League rookie, and Klutts will do the bulk of the catching.

The power, as usual, is in the outfield. The 51-homer big-gun, Ralph Kiner, is in left. Dixie-man Walker in right and Johnny Hopp and Max West alternating in center. Hopp may possibly



alternate with Eddie Stevens on first, in which case Joe Grace will fill in at the abandoned outfield post.

The seventh and eighth place race is a toss-up between the Reds and Cubs. We'll take the Cubs.

Chicago Cubs

THE same old faces at the same old stand, with the exception of Stan Hack who will manage Des Moines . . . at this writing, a wise

choice. Good old Stan can now sit on the bench and worry about nothing else but producing a winner for the grandparent club.

Eddie Waitkus on first. Dick Culler at short with Don Johnson and Mack changing off at second. Third is wide open with probably Peanuts Lowery grabbing off the brass ring.

Pafko, Bill Nicholson and Phil Cavaretta are scheduled to do most of the fly-chasing.

Leading the pitchers is Johnny Schmitz. He might get some help from Doyle Lade, the Hanks Wyse and Borowy and Emil Kush. McCullough and Scheffing are back of the plate again. Cholly Grimm is grimmer. Los Angeles, send help!

Cincinnati Reds

IT'S too bad Ewell Blackwell isn't triplets. He should have another good year, but he can't carry the load himself. Johnny Nuen will have to come up with something big in Cincinnati to make things interesting. Maybe Tommy Hughes will have one of his old Philly seasons. It would help a lot. Meantime Bucky Walters and Johnny VanderMeer are piling up the seasons and not getting any younger. Harry Gumbert, Kent Peterson and Ken Raffensberger could make the difference if they can hit a streak.

Babe Young and Bob Adams will fit again on first and second; Stallcup will have a chore on his hands trying to replace the vociferous Eddie Miller. Grady Hatton seems to have successfully

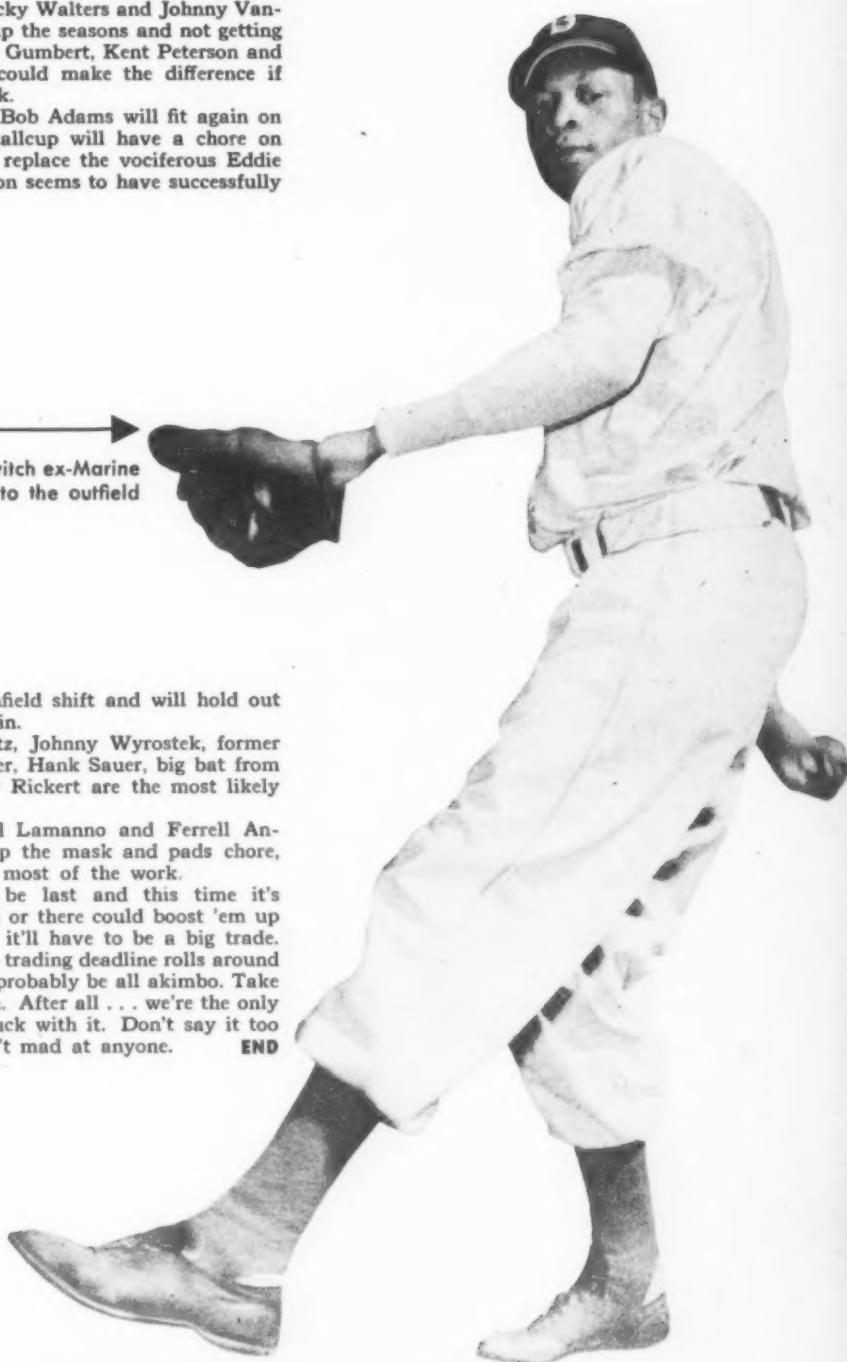
"Dem Bums" may switch ex-Marine Big Dan Bankhead to the outfield

made the outfield-infield shift and will hold out at the hot corner again.

Frankie Baumholtz, Johnny Wyrostek, former Philly, Clyde Vollmer, Hank Sauer, big bat from Syracuse, and Marv Rickert are the most likely outfielders.

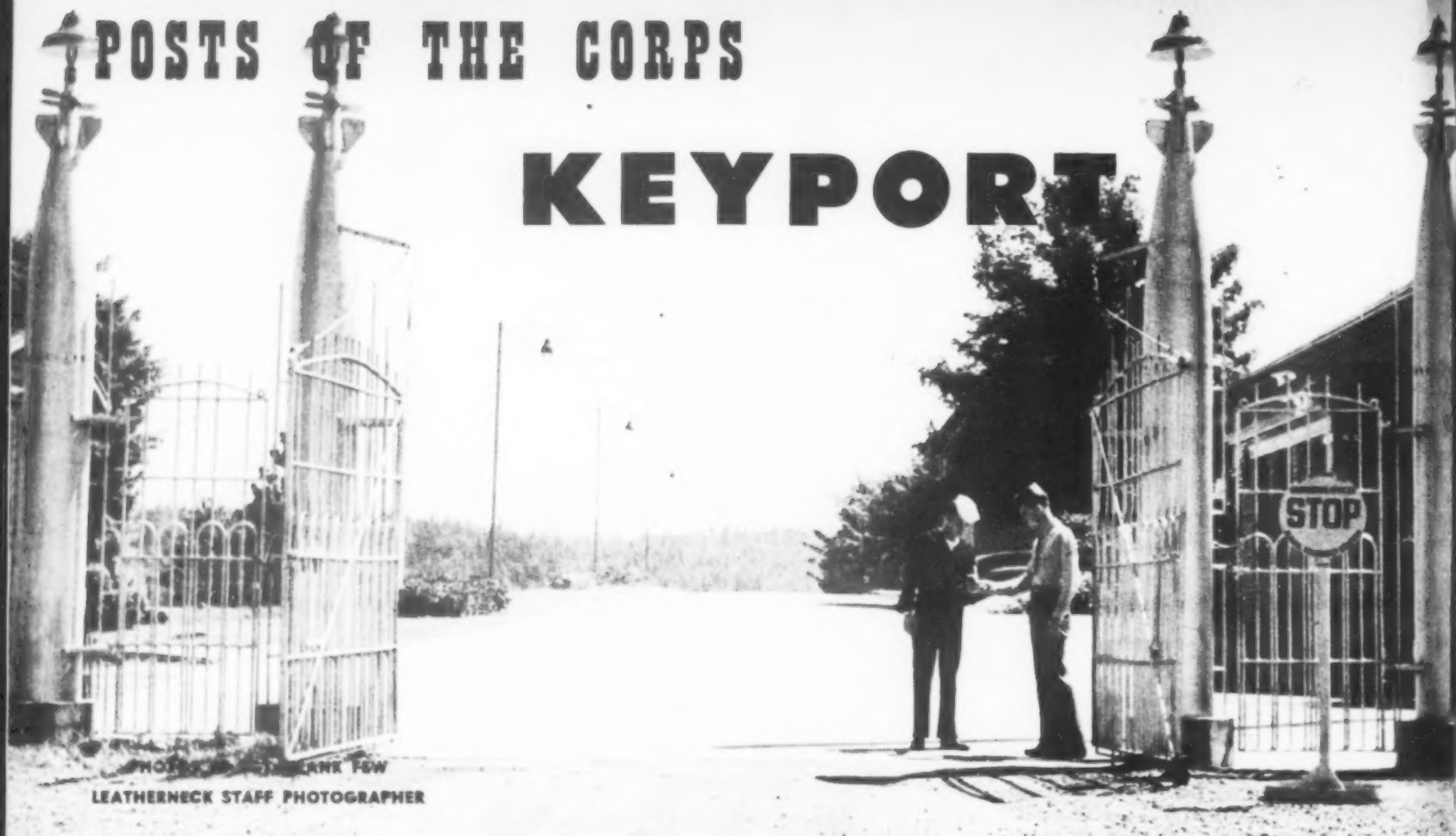
Rays Mueller and Lamanno and Ferrell Anderson will divvy up the mask and pads chore, with Mueller doing most of the work.

Someone has to be last and this time it's Cincy. A break here or there could boost 'em up a notch or two, but it'll have to be a big trade. By the time the June trading deadline rolls around these selections will probably be all akimbo. Take it for what it's worth. After all . . . we're the only ones who will be stuck with it. Don't say it too loud . . . hell, I ain't mad at anyone. **END**



POSTS OF THE CORPS

KEYPORT



Beyond this Marine-manned maingate to the Naval Torpedo Station at Keyport, Washington, hundreds of the Navy's supersecret underwater

missiles have been assembled, tested and stored. The Keyport station is one of the nation's well-equipped Pacific Coast torpedo preserves

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen

Leatherneck Staff Writer



Major Jack Warner commands the Marine Guard, and Captain Carl Bushnell, USN, the station



This is home to the 60 enlisted Marines who make up the Torpedo Station guard detachment

THE main highway out of Bremerton, Washington stretches like a gray ribbon through the green-forested mountains. In places the road skews off toward Pudget Sound, a body of water which shows little more evidence of human activity than the surrounding hills. But if one sticks around a while and acquires more than a transient's familiarity with the country, he soon discovers that all this is a false serenity. For behind the natural camouflage of evergreens and rough terrain is one of the Navy's busiest installations—Keyport Naval Torpedo Station.

Keyport was opened in 1917, about the time that the Germans began desperately pressing their U-Boat campaign in World War I. Since then it has undergone vast expansions, both in physical magnitude and importance. Throughout World War II it was geared to a breakneck production schedule. It is still one of the country's most potentially powerful torpedo preserves.

Behind a security curtain maintained by the Keyport Marine guard detachment, hundreds of the Navy's supersecret underwater missiles have been assembled, tested and stored. Due to the strategic importance of the installation in regard to the nation's security, it is needless to emphasize that the guard detachment must be alert around the clock.

Keyport Marines claim to have one of the toughest posts in the country—Post No. 4, a fence patrol running around one of the most desolate sections of the preserve and cutting through a mile or so of jungle-like terrain. Assignment to Post No. 4 has become a favorite disciplinary measure with commanding officers of the station. Marines who draw this duty for a 14 or 30 day tour sadly remark that they have been banished to the "salt mines."

The present CO of the Keyport guard detachment is Major Jack F. Warner, a former battalion commander with the Ninth Marines. After the war, he commanded one of the Corps' "Cease Fire" teams and was awarded membership in the Order of Yuan Hui (Cloud and Banner) by the Chinese Nationalist government.

The town of Keyport where the Marines of the station make most of their liberties, as well as the

surrounding countryside, conspires to conceal what is actually going on in the nearby Navy installation. The town consists of a general store, postoffice, filling station and a tavern which has been nicknamed the "Stork Club." The proprietor of the club, a personable fellow with many years of experience in dealing with uniformed men, admits that he would have closed doors long ago if it were not for the patronage of the Marine guards. In the town of Keyport, all is quiet and no one bothers to speculate on what is taking place on the preserve next door.

AS torpedoes are assembled by the Navy's civilian workers, experts testfire them from a special launching site which has been constructed on the docks bordering the Sound. Almost everyday a number of these fish are sent slithering through the water. They are retrieved later by men in small craft who are assigned to patrolling the target area. After the performance of a given type of torpedo is checked, the fish are placed in storage.

Despite the precision workmanship which goes into their manufacture, some of the torpedoes are found to be faulty. These sink to the bottom of the Sound and have to be recovered by a diving team. The personnel of the base includes both first and second class Navy divers, the former being qualified to descend to a depth of 250 feet.

The torpedo as a Navy weapon has had a long, slow evolution from the days of the steamboat inventor Robert Fulton, the first man to experiment with them. The basic design for modern self-propelled torpedoes was made in 1866 by an Englishman, Robert Whitehead. Except for increased speed and a larger warhead, today's fish are very similar to the early Whitehead invention.

Technically speaking, the present-day torpedo is not actually a missile but a full-fledged 24-foot long, 21-inch diametered warship complete with engine room, cargo and mechanical crew. Torpedoes often weigh up to 3000 pounds and travel at varying speeds exceeding one mile a minute. Each contains on the average of 1325 precision parts and is produced at a cost of \$20,000 involving some 20,000 man-hours of work. But the difficulties involved in their construction are far outweighed by the

Marines at Keyport have important jobs as security guards



The Navy maintains a diving unit to recover torpedoes which do not explode during tests



A Marine tries on the diver's heavy lead shoes. The truck in the background contains the only mobile diving unit in the northwest, and is on constant call for various emergency duties

weapon's value in wartime. Torpedoes launched from their principal carrier, the submarine, accounted for 1256 Japanese ships in World War II.

On display in Keyport's administration building is one of the Navy's earliest torpedoes invented by Admiral Howell in 1890. This ancestor of today's high-speed, high-powered models was fired by impulse and traveled at an average speed of 25 knots. It carried a 100-pound gun cotton warhead. The *Maine* and the *Indiana*, famous Spanish-American War vessels, were armed with the Howell model.

The Navy's first successful employment of the torpedo occurred during the Civil War. At that time the weapons were fitted to spars which were in turn attached to the fleet's leading men-o'-war. In close-quarter fighting, these old iron-clads steamed full speed ahead and rammed the enemy ships. The power of their explosion left the enemy vessel looking like a World War II LST with its landing bow down. Admiral William B. Cushing of the Civil War fame used a spar-rigged torpedo to sink the *Albemarle*, a Confederate ship, during an engagement on the Mississippi River.

Aside from the realization that they have an important job, members of the Keyport guard take pride in their duty as Marines.

"We may be out in the boondocks miles away from the brass, but my boys never forget that they are Marines," Major Warner said.

A Keyport Marine is likely to try and get back to his old station after having been transferred to another post. The barracks top kick, Master Sergeant John E. Hawkins, has done duty there off and on since 1940. The top regards Keyport as his lucky station. He has made every one of his rates at Keyport from PFC to master sergeant.

The guard also takes pride in one of its members whom they claim to be the senior private of the Marine Corps. He is Clarence Burnham, Jr., "Pappy" to his buddies, and has 10 years service counting a hitch in the Army. Pappy is an old First Division man who likes to regard himself as a professional private. At the time of this writing, he had two weeks to go before he again would become eligible for promotion to private first class.

The odds in the barracks were four to one against his ever making it. **END**



Despite the precision workmanship which goes into the manufacture and assembly of these deadly torpedoes, some fail to work. After sinking into Puget Sound they must be retrieved by divers

by William S. Miller

SUPERIOR Private Nakamura Zengiro squatted on his heels on the charred, cindery rim of Suribachi Yama, the grim volcano fortress towering high above the rest of Iwo Jima. Darkness hid all signs of life on the island below.

The terrible gunfire from the American warships lying offshore was stopped now, but Nakamura knew it would start again in a few minutes and would probably continue all night. In the morning the carrier planes would strike with bombs and rockets, and perhaps the huge bombers would come again.

He looked out to sea, watching the dark hulks of the enemy's battleships, cruisers, destroyers and gunboats in the light of the half-moon. He was facing east, toward the cone of Little Iwo, wondering if the stories he had heard about the huge convoy of American troops were true.

Most of the island garrison was still awake, eating, drinking sake and talking in the bivouac areas, the gun emplacements, the pillboxes, bunkers and caves. In the cave below Nakamura some of the men of his company were drinking and singing the Iwo garrison's defense song. The sound was muffled as it came up through the narrow, perpendicular ladderway which opened at his feet, but he knew the words by heart:

*"Where dark tides billow in the ocean,
A wing-shaped isle of mighty fame
Guards the gateway of our Empire;
Iwo Jima is its name."*

Nakamura thought of the day nine months before when his battalion had come to Iwo. It had been a new unit then, without the seasoning in China which most of the island garrisons had, but it had been thoroughly trained since in complicated maneuvers which he had finally come to understand. The men were hardened by long hours of work on the island's defenses. It was a dull life and had been worse since evacuation of all the women in late summer.

For the past three weeks there had been no time to think of women, or of his wife and four children on the little farm south of Osaka. Now, after the air attacks and the earlier naval bombardments, the impudent Yankees dared to bring their warships under the very guns of Suribachi. Many of his comrades had been killed by the huge guns which were tearing the volcano apart, and the strong positions in the cliffs below had been shattered. Some of the caves in the volcano were already filled with the dead, and the hospital cave was busy day and night caring for the wounded.

Nakamura's friend, Leading Private Matsuda, had told him their intelligence officers knew American troops were on the way to Iwo in a great fleet of transports guarded by still more warships. Matsuda said the attack would be made by three divisions of American Marines, the best of the enemy's assault forces.

The Iwo garrison was confident of victory. This was Tokyo-to, the door to Tokyo, and nothing had been spared in preparing its defenses. The best of Japan's arms and equipment were there. Every approach was guarded by the most elaborate and deadly network of underground strongholds Japanese military engineers could devise.

The men below were still singing:

*"We brave men who have been chosen
To defend this island strand,
Filled with faith in certain triumph,
Years to strike for Fatherland."*

*"Thoughts of our task are ever with us;
From dawn to dusk we train with zeal.
At our Emperor's command,
We'll bring the enemy to heel."*



Holds of the big ships were belching tractor after tractor filled with green-clad Marines

Guns of the American battleships roared and flamed in a new barrage. The volcano was shaking with the impact of the shelling as Nakamura climbed down the ladder to a lower level and slipped through a black-out curtain into a large lighted cave. The other men were standing around the radio operator, talking excitedly of a report which had just come. Hundreds of American ships were nearing Iwo, carrying Marines for an assault on the beaches. Apparently the attack would come in the morning of the next day.

Nakamura listened in admiring silence as his commanding officer, First Lieutenant Ito, boasted of the surprise in store for the Americans. He explained the plan worked out months before, in which the Americans would be permitted to land their early assault waves before the many batteries of mortars opened fire on the beaches. From commanding heights on both flanks, they could halt further landings and smash all the enemy's heavy equipment.

It was not yet certain whether the Americans would land on the east or west beaches, or both, but that would not matter. Troops which did get ashore would be slaughtered in heavy cross fire as they climbed the terraces on the east or the high bluff on the west. Any who got through would be eliminated by the interlocking positions above and in front of them. The lieutenant told how clever camouflage, checked from the top of Suribachi and from their own planes, had kept American aerial cameras from spotting the strong underground positions, most of which had withstood the naval and air attacks.

Once again he reminded the men of their sacred duty to the Emperor. He told them of the great honor that would come to those who met death in battle, those who obeyed the general's order to kill ten Yankees before they died.

Those who were to man the rim of the volcano were given their instructions. The rest of the men waited for a lull in the naval barrage before going to the caves on the isthmus below, where they would stay until the attack came. A bottle of sake was passed around, and there were patriotic toasts. They sang again:

*"On for Emperor and homeland;
There's no burden we won't bear.
Disease, hardship and foul water,
These to us are less than air."*

*"In the lonely mid-Pacific,
Our sweat a fortress will prepare.
If the enemy attack,
Let him come; we will not care."*

*"Until the hated Anglo-Saxons
Lie before us in the dust,
Officers and men together
Work and struggle, strive and trust."*

Soon after midnight, Nakamura made his way down the steep side of the volcano and went to the bivouac area above the west beach where he and the rest of his platoon had quarters in a cave. He had just been transferred to another company of an infantry battalion, one of the units guarding the beach of Suribachi Yama.

With dawn the naval bombardment was worse than ever before. Nakamura went up on the high ground in front of the volcano and crawled into a hidden gun position through the entrance at the back, which was just in front of a cave leading deep into the mountain. Over the strong parapet he could see the hundreds of American ships which had arrived before daylight, and he marveled at the vastness of the invading force. They had formed a floating ring around Iwo.

He could identify the strange American landing craft which he had seen before only in the pictures of training manuals. Through the glasses he could see the green-clad Marines aboard the amphibious tractors which were circling in the transport area and coming out of the ships with open ramps in their bows. The assault on the beaches had not begun, but it was plain that it would come soon and that it would come from the east.

Nakamura was still watching when a line of armored amphibious tanks came in to the beach. Unable to climb the first steep terrace, they went back into the water and turned their guns on the

mountain. Scattered mortar positions fired on them, but most of the batteries were under strict orders to withhold their fire.

Close behind the swimming tanks came the first troops, and the machine guns and rifles were busy. Nakamura hurried back to his company's command post. He was sent at once to carry a message to the positions guarding the west beach near the south airport. Naval gunfire had cut off communications there, and it was vital that they know of the situation on the east beach.

This was Nakamura's first time in combat, and he was not without fear as he crept along under the protection of the overhanging bluff, taking cover whenever he could in the caves and gun positions along his path. Naval salvos were blasting the isthmus above him. American planes were strafing and bombing, and it was impossible to move in the open. Nakamura felt the earth jump beneath him when the huge shells hit, and he could hardly breathe because of the terror which seized him. One shell landed so near that he was dazed for several minutes.

Finally, during a momentary lull, he managed to reach a cave leading into the positions around the bunker he was seeking. He was amazed when he got to the top of the bluff and saw how the heavy barrage had changed the terrain. Only the depth and great strength of the defenses had saved them from destruction.

Nakamura gave his message to the lieutenant commanding the bunker area, then went to one of the lower caves to wait until he could return safely to his company. Before he could get back, he was cut off by American troops who had thrust quickly across the narrowest part of the isthmus. Many of them were killed on the way, but they seemed to have no fear and kept going until they reached the bluff. Nakamura could see that their forces were ridiculously small, but still he dared not venture along the beach below them. Not until dusk was he able to rejoin the survivors of his own company.

That night Nakamura and the others were ordered to infiltrate individually as well as they could and kill enemy troops. There was close fighting along the west beach that night, but the Americans were on guard and it was hard to surprise

(Editor's Note: "Those Who Faced Us" was written by William S. Miller during the taking of Iwo Jima. Miller, now a civilian, then a staff sergeant and writer for the Pacific edition of The Leatherneck, landed 30 minutes after H-Hour with the 28th Marines. The story is semi-fiction, based on personal observation and the diary of a Japanese soldier. All names and Japanese military unit designations are fiction, but the incidents are factual. It is a graphic description of a Marine assault from the Japanese viewpoint.)

THOSE WHO FACED US (cont.)

Nakamura felt death and destruction at hand. His own planes had not come

them. Nakamura was watching when a lieutenant and a corporal attacked two of the Americans in their dugout just above the beach. The corporal was to show himself and draw fire on the right, after which the lieutenant was to rush in and hurl a grenade. The corporal was shot through the head the instant he moved. As he fell, the lieutenant drew his sword and charged the dugout, but he never got there. Nakamura saw him go down in the darkness, very near the spot where the American rifle flashed and roared.

Next morning his company moved with the Ito unit. The naval and aerial bombardment was terrific, and casualties constantly increased. As many of the dead and wounded as possible were brought in during the night, the wounded being taken to the hospital cave, the dead being carried into the rocky tombs of Suribachi. A wounded American had been found, and Nakamura had heard him screaming as they questioned him in the command post cave, but he had died before he could give any useful information. The screams made Nakamura more certain than ever that he would never surrender to the enemy, for he had been told that they were much more cruel than the Japanese.

The Ito unit attacked the enemy near the south airfield at noon. It was a fierce battle and many American tanks and other vehicles were set ablaze by heavy mortar fire. Nakamura was lucky and came through unharmed. With the other survivors of the battle, he made his way to the east boat basin, then to the command post of the naval guard unit in that area.

Things were so hot that it took them an hour to crawl 1000 meters. They passed many Japanese dead on the way. Finally they reached an anti-tank position where they joined the commanding officer and 17 men of a shipping engineers platoon. Nakamura stayed there until evening, with Superior Private Fujii, two sailors of the naval unit, five men of the Ito unit and Leading Private Yamamoto.

Both Fujii and Superior Seaman Takahashi were wounded, Fujii seriously. Nakamura helped treat his wounds, but it was evident he would be unable to fight again.

During the night Nakamura and the Ito unit men moved on to the next position along the east shore. From there they went to a cave in Yotsuhyo Hill, where they placed themselves under the command of First Lieutenant Wada. He sent them to the cave of his 2nd Platoon, where they stayed all that night and the next morning, firing from the ridge positions at the Marines advancing along the west coast.

Naval and air bombardment was so bad at noon that they were unable to move, but then it began to slacken. Fighting on the south airfield was at its worst. Nakamura decided to wait for orders, which he had been told to expect at any

moment. They did not come that day, and he stayed on the ridge all night.

At sunset word came that special units of the Japanese air forces were attacking the American fleet. Flashes could be seen far out at sea to the northeast, and the hopes of the Japanese garrison were higher than at any time since the attack began. But the Americans put up a tremendous anti-aircraft barrage, and none of the planes reached the island.

Next morning the naval and aerial barrage was still heavy, but it stopped now and then. Nakamura's orders finally came, and he went to join the 3rd Squad of the 2nd Platoon near an artillery mortar position. One of the first things he heard there was that the infantry battalion ordered to attack in that area didn't want to fight and was acting like a reserve unit. That was a strange contrast to the bravery of the men in the mortar battery. Their commanding officer was fearless, and they kept firing under a heavy artillery barrage until all of them were killed.

Eventually Nakamura came to the cave of the 4th Company. While he was there he heard a Japanese voice blaring from an American loud-speaker, calling on the Iwo garrison to surrender and promising those within fair treatment. Not a man surrendered, since they had all been told how the Americans tortured and killed every prisoner they took.

The bombardment was slackening on the ridge, but the company had not yet gone out to fight. The men had been there in the caves for some time, but there was little they could do. Nakamura thought they had been surrounded by the Americans, who kept advancing all the time. His friend, Leading Pvt. Matsuda, had slipped through the American lines from the mountain and told Nakamura he was afraid Lieut. Ito had been killed.

Matsuda didn't like the unit to which he and Nakamura were attached. There were stores of food and ammunition everywhere, and they had nothing to worry about on that score. But there was no water, and there had been no word from their comrades on Suribachi, where the Americans had raised their flag that morning.

The next day, February 24th, they remained in the same cave. Gunfire had completely altered the landmarks all about them. That night Nakamura was ordered to join the 3rd Company, since it had been hard-hit, and he found many dead and wounded when he got to the company's cave.

Nakamura tried to rest, but his mind was too confused. He wondered what had happened to those useless and cowardly shipping engineers. He wondered what had happened to Matsuda. Thirsty and without water, he decided he could last about two more days if help did not come. Apparently there was to be no retreat to the north for this company. Things were in a dreadful state. The enemy's planes and artillery were too much, and he had too many men.

Next afternoon the fighting was furious as the Marines tried to take the ridge to the west. Casualties were heavy on both sides. The shipping engineers were sent up, and Nakamura cursed when he saw them run away. He and Sergt. Matsuoka advanced against the enemy infantry and tanks. Both forces were enmeshed, fighting furiously. When he was not hit, Nakamura felt the gods were with him. If only our planes would come and drive away these dozens of aircraft carriers, he thought, we would win this battle quickly. But somehow he knew they would not come, and he realized the nearness of death and defeat.

He remembered the proud boast on Iwo that "every blade of grass, every grain of sand is armed with death for the Yankees." He couldn't understand what had happened. Perhaps the main garrison force was preparing a master stroke to the north, but it was plain there would be no victory where he was.

Next day the fighting continued in the same area, northwest of the central airfield. Nakamura and four other men were in a cave when the Marines attacked with flame throwers and demolition charges. They managed to pull the fuses before the demolition charges could explode and hurled them back through the entrance. But the flames were too much, and this cave had no lower level to which they could retreat. Nakamura and each of the other men took grenades, tapped them against their helmets and held them to their chests.

Marines of the 27th Regiment were just outside, and they heard a series of muffled explosions underground. When they entered the cave they found Superior Private Nakamura Zengiro and the others, all dead.

END

The attack hit a fierce barrage

OBJECTIVE REGAN

by Gary Whelan
Leatherstock



As the bus pulled out of the main gate at Parris Island, I heard the bugle. The call came through the rainy half-light of a new day. I laughed a little.

"What's funny?" asked the guy next to me.

"I'm a music lover," I said.

The bugle boy blew some more and it ended in a clinker.

"A field music," I said, "is the lowest thing in the Marine Corps."

My seat partner opened and closed his big hands. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. A Marine bugler can't blow his nose."

It was a big day for me—leaving Parris Island. I hadn't expected to get out alive. I wanted to talk. "What did they have you doin', mate?"

He patted the black bag beside him. "I was a bugler," he said.

At Yemassee we had to wait for the train.

"I'm the luckiest guy in the Marine Corps," I told the bugler.

"Yeah?"

We were getting our third shine.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm laying for a guy. I'm getting a transfer to D. C. That's where this guy is."

"Yeah."

"You know a guy named Bill Regan? Sergeant Regan. He issued clothes—you know, to the boots the first day."

"Nope."

"Well I'm laying for him. He did something to me I'll never forget. No man can do that to me and live!"

"Yeah?"

"There's some guys you can take it from and some you can't."

"Yeah."

"Like our old DI. He'd say to me: 'Raise your left foot. Now raise your right foot. Who told you to put the other foot down?'"

"Yeah."

"Well, a guy can take that. That's part of it. But this Regan—well look, when you first left PI did you want to fight?"

"Yeah."

"When did you first leave?"

"Right now." His jaw was square and his eyes were hard. "I can deck you, you stupid eight-ball."

"Now, wait . . ."

"You wanta fight, don't you?"

"Not with you, Sir."

"Then," he said, grimly, "SHADDUP!"

ON the train I went to sleep. I woke up somewhere in North Carolina with a hand on my shoulder. It was the bugler.

"I been thinking," he said.

"Yeah."

"I don't want to fight no more."

"Good."

"But I wanta watch a fight."

I pondered this.

"Listen," said the bugler. "What'd the guy do to you?"

I shook my head. There are some things a man can't talk about.

"You gonna nail this guy right away?" he asked.

"Well. After I get settled."

"Nah," said the bugler. "This guy, is he big?"

"Yeah."

"Mean?"

"Yeah."

"Awful tough?"

"I can whip him," I said.

"Then be smart. Don't wait. Look at you."

I looked.

"You're tough," said the bugler.

"Right."

"Hard as nails."

"Yeah."

"Then we'll look this guy up as soon as we hit D. C."

I nodded, flexing my muscles. That's what I needed. A good fight. I wanted this out of my system.

"I ain't seen a good fight for a long time," said the bugler. "My name's Herb."

"Mine's Jack."

It was settled.

But when we got into Union Station some time that night, I was sleepy. I hinted that it would be better to get a room somewhere.

"You ain't backing down?"

"No, but . . ."

Herb shoved me into a cab and jumped in with his bugle. Our seabags were somewhere between Washington and PI. I gave the driver the address and leaned back, not feeling too good about it.

"How'd you get that address?" asked Herb.

"I got a buddy in Headquarters. Paid him two bucks for it."

The cab went past the Capitol and went out Southeast and finally stopped before a row of brick fronts.

Herb stopped me before I knocked on the door. "Stand by," he said. "When he opens the door grab him by the stacking swivel."

"Listen . . ."

"Don't give him a chance. Here get all drawn back. And deck him quick."

But a nice old lady opened the door. Ex-Sgt. Regan and his wife lived there all right. But they were out.

"They went to the slipshod," said the old lady.

"The . . . you mean slopchute?"

"Oh, yes. Yes."

"We'll be back," said Herb. We went back to the street.

Then I put up an argument. "I'll get him tomorrow," I said. "Right now, I want to find a sack."

"We'll get some chow," said the bugler. "And then we'll come right back here and fix Regan. But you got to make him remember what he did to you first."

"Yeah. That first day, when I was running around the table just before the haircut."

"What happened?"

"I can't talk about it," I said, with dignity.

There was a combination chow parlor and slopchute at the end of the block. Herb and I sat down in a booth and drank some liquid that is unavailable to boots at PI. After a while Herb pried himself up from the table and walked toward the head, bumping into everybody.

I shut my eyes and rubbed them hard. A guy can think about someone else so hard that pretty soon he begins to see things. I thought I saw

Regan sitting in the next booth in front of ours.

I looked again. It was Regan all right. He stared back, his mean black eyes twinkling at me.

"Hey, buddy," he called. "You from PI?"

"Yes, Sir." The "Sir" was automatic.

"How's everything?"

"Fine."

The girl with him turned around and gave me a big smile. Very friendly. Very pretty.

"Come on over, mate."

I put my hands on the table and got up slowly. This was it. This was what I'd waited for. Regan was just the same. He had that half-sneer on his face. I went over.

"I got out last month," he said. "Siddown. Have a beer."

"I . . . I'm with a guy . . . a bugler."

"Siddown."

REGAN introduced himself and his wife. My name didn't mean a thing to him. And right then, in a split second of time, I dug up 15 reasons why I'd never tangle with Regan. One was that I didn't want to fight him in front of his wife. But the biggest reason was that I didn't want to fight.

"I was the meanest non-com on the base," bragged Regan.

His wife touched my arm. "He's told me," she said, "what he used to do to the poor boots. Did they really, I mean . . ." she began to blush.

"They were rough," I said.

"Well someday," said Mrs. Regan, "one of those poor boys will catch up with Bill."

"Aaah," sneered Regan. "He'd probably buy me a beer."

I called the waitress over and ordered beers.

The bugler lurched up to our table.

"Herb," I said. "Old buddy, this is Mr. and Mrs. Bill Regan."

"Oh, boy," said Herb.

I shook my head slowly.

"Chickened out." He dropped down beside Regan. He kept looking at Regan and shaking his head.

"What's up?" asked Regan.

"I seen you somewheres," Herb said. "I know I did."

"I was part of the welcoming committee."

A strange look came over Herb's face.

Regan didn't notice. "Where you from, boot?"

"I'm from Fallen Timber Junction, Pa." yelled Herb. And he really yelled it. "Now laugh."

Regan opened his mouth, but if he was going to laugh, Herb's terrific whack on the chops interrupted him. It took three men to get him off Regan. Amid all the yelling and screaming that went up, the waitress, who had a soft spot in her heart for Marines, led Herb and me through the kitchen and out the back entrance. From the sound of the sirens we were about 20 seconds ahead of the cops.

"You shouldn't have done it," I told Herb.

"What Regan did to me was my business."

"Yeah," Herb grunted. "But he done something to me! That first day."

"Oh," I said. "What?"

"There's some things," said Herb, as we ran down the alley, "that a man don't talk about."

END



FROM THE GATES OF HELL

SINCE Gerald P. Averill's "From The Gates of Hell" was first published in *Leatherneck* in July, 1942, it has gained recognition as the epic Marine poem of World War II and the sequel to Neil Hitt's "Captain Jimmie Bones And His Devil-Dog Marines" of World War I. "Jimmie Bones" was written by Hitt while serving in France as a private with the Sixth Marines, six months before the end of the war.

When Averill enlisted in the Marine Corps in August, 1941, he was in search of that Devil Dog spirit that had produced "Jimmie Bones." He entered the Parachute School at Lakehurst, N. J., to become one of the first Paramarines. With Bataan, Wake Island, and the Battle of Midway setting the stage for Guadalcanal, Averill parodied "Jimmie Bones" with "Gates of Hell" as the return of Bones' band to aid a dying *Leatherneck* on the 'Canal.

Averill, holder of the Bronze Star and Purple Heart medals, survived the war and is now a captain with a regular commission.

A plane zoomed overhead;
He led it like a flying duck
And shot the pilot dead.
He gazed upon the bloody field,
(It was a horrid sight);
The foe re-formed upon his front,
More tanks to left and right,
And high above, the fighter planes
Did swoop and soar and wheel,
While bombers hastened just below
To loose their bursting steel.

The noncom wiped his blistered brow
And heaved a weary sigh.
Said he, "Now, this is a lousy place
For a man like me to die.
If I had just one human soul
To stand and watch this fight,
I could stick it out to the crack o' doom
And finish the damned thing right.
Though I have followed this bloody game
From Spain to Singapore,
I never tried this lonesome stunt
Of dyin' alone before."
Then, up there rose from a pile of dead
A riddled, bleeding form

A SERGEANT lay upon the sand
And nursed his bleeding head,
While all around, to left and right
His brave platoon lay dead.
And here and there and everywhere,
In front and on the flanks,
The bombs fell down upon the ground,
And onward rolled the tanks.
Machine guns stuttered on the left,
And rifles on the right,
While Zeros swift, from up above
Dove down to join the fight.

The sergeant rolled a wary eye
And ducked a strafing plane.
He caught a flying hand grenade
And threw it back again.
He crawled and rolled along the line
Through dead men, rank on rank,
To man a 40-mm. gun and bust a hundred tanks.
He heaved upon a Browning gun
With many a groan, and then
Turned loose a stream of flying lead
That slew ten thousand men.
With rifle, mortar, and grenade,
Amidst the crash and roar,
He crept along his platoon front
And waged a one-man war.
The bombs rained down upon the ground—

That swayed and shook on trembling knees
Like a reed before the storm.
"Now I will stand and watch you die,"
This apparition croaked.
"And I can only stand and watch
Cause both my arms is broke."

The Devil Dog spat on the sand,
And wiped the pallid lips,
Unhooked his canteen; then he said,
"Here, take a shot o' this."
The private drank, and with a gasp
He shook his battered head:
"I thought that I was 'tout fini,"
But I'm very far from dead.
My head is bust, my arms are broke,
But I can breathe and speak,
So, pull a yard of my shirttail out
And plug these cussed leaks.
There's just one thing that I can do
If you're bound to see this through,
But you'll have to go with them that comes,
And, by God, it's up to you.

"My old man fought with Jimmy Bones
Way back in seventeen,
And now he's guarding the gates of Hell
With some of us late Marines.
There's a few of the boys from Midway Isle

And a dozen or so from Wake,
And a squad of Aussies from Singapore
With a terrible bellyache;
There's a flyin' man from Mandalay
And a guy from Macassar Straits,
A full gun crew from off Luzon,
Just down from the Pearly Gates.

"Now all these guys has been checked in
Where the streets is paved with gold,
But the Devil's crew went on a strike
And the Pit was gettin' cold.
So Captain Bones sent my old man down
To straighten the matter out,
And he took this bunch of new recruits
To put the fiends to rout.
And now the fires is blazin' high
With the grease from heathen skins,
While Old Nick squats upon his throne
And wags his tail and grins.

"Now, I have died and come to life
And seen what I have seen,
And I have looked on Heaven and Hell
And the spaces in between.
And this I've heard, and this I know
By the word of Jimmy Bones:

But shove your whistle in my face
And I will give a blow."
He blew a blast that shrieked and screamed
Across all worldly space,
He blew again and then he fell
Right down upon his face.
He sank down dead and where he dropped
A smoking crater grew,
And from this rent in the tortured earth
There streamed a ghastly crew.
A grizzled corporal led this band,
His blues were neat and bright,
But the men who followed at his heels
Bore signs of a bloody fight.
For some had shirts and some had none
As they strode along in pride,
And you could see the daylight through
The wounds from which they died.
Without a sound, without a word,
They wheeled to face the foe,
The ghostly corporal raised his arm,
And shouted, "Forward Ho!"
The sergeant leaped to head the line
When that command rang out.
He leaped, but stumbled to his knees
With a wild, despairing shout.

A slant-eyed general died.
The Aussies raged among the tanks
Like lumberjacks in town,
They'd grab one by its clanking treads
And turn it upside down.
MacArthur's men from off Luzon
Grabbed off a seventy-five.
Of all the gun and tractor crew,
Not one was left alive.
They turned it round to face the tanks,
And every time it cracked,
It left a row of twisted steel
From here to there and back.

Like brothers dashing on the rocks,
And reeling back in foam,
The enemy rolled in and broke,
Then turned and fled for home.
All this, the dying Leatherneck
Observed with dimming sight;
To keep his fluttering soul within
He summoned all his might.
And while he strove with waning strength
To stand against the pain,
That grim detail from the gates of Hell
Came marching back again.



When a Leatherneck goes out to die,
He don't have to die alone.
Shall I call up this grim detail
That guards the flaming gates?
Think fast, think well, my sergeant bold,
Before it is too late.
For once this detail is recalled
And Peter checks 'em in,
There ain't no power in Heaven or Hell
Can bring 'em back again."

The sergeant gazed across the plain
And saw the serried ranks —
Nine hundred columns, row on row,
Of infantry and tanks.
He bit a chew from off his plug
And scratched a blood-caked ear.
Said he, "My friend, your guard from Hell
Has got a job right here.
The orders was to hold this point
Until the crack o' doom,
So, whistle up your bully boys,
And you better make it soon.
I've lived a life of sin and strife
From Maine to old Shanghai,
And judgin' by the look o' things,
My time has come to die."
The private gasped through blanching lips,
"Now, I have got to go,

His limbs grew numb, his faltering hands
Reached up to close his wounds,
While earth and sky reeled round and round
And all his senses swooned.

A diving plane had placed a burst
Full in his heaving chest,
And then it skimmed along the earth
To finish off the rest.
The flying man from Mandalay
With one prodigious bound
Leaped up and seized it by a wing,
And dragged it to the ground.
He plucked the pilot from his seat
With one tremendous yank,
And swung him three times round his head,
Then threw him at a tank.

The Leathernecks all sat them down
To sight their rifles in.
At every shot, they killed a man,
And sometimes eight or ten.
The corporal tried some long-range stuff,
Four thousand yards or more,
And when he failed to plug an eye,
Most bitterly he swore.
A flock of brass hats came in range;
He found his shooting eye,
And every time he cracked a cap,

The corporal halted them in line,
"Attention, men!" he said,
"A new recruit will join our ranks
As soon as he is dead,
For he has fought a fight of which
The like was never seen,
And he has been a credit to
The United States Marines.
And we will take him with us where
The streets are paved with gold,
With T-bone steaks three times a day —
And the beer is always cold.
And he can wake at reveille,
Then turn and sleep some more,
Or watch details of angel gobs
Mop up celestial floors."

The Devil Dog looked up and grinned;
"Come on, let's go," he sighed.
His chin sank on his riddled breast;
He shuddered once, and died.

And where he went, or how he fared
No man will ever know,
We hope he dwells in realms of bliss
Where scented breezes blow.
But this is sure as judgment day,
As God sits on His throne,
When a Leatherneck goes forth to die,
HE NEVER DIES ALONE.

RED DANVILLE was triple-barreled. There were three of him: first, the sober cynic who scowled as he said "yes sir" to his officers; second, the bland, tippling Red who could shoot dry humor out from under his bushy, faded eyebrows; and third, just before he passed out, the very stern, rough-and-ready Sergeant Danville.

The first of the trio showed during the morning hours before the liquor began to pour at the Fourth Marine Club in Shanghai, where he worked. The genial wit would appear around noon, but did not last long. Soon, along came the lurching, sullen man who curled his heavy shoulders slightly forward and looked for a buzz saw to argue with.

Red always looked bad, even when he had started a round of smiles in his infrequent friendlinesses. Red hair, now almost gone, struggled to do something for a "chimpanzoid" ball which he rubbed with a gesture made famous by Edgar Kennedy, the actor. A pair of wrinkles always wriggled down from either side of his mouth, while his head, thrust forward, did nothing to soften his mien. He could not be considered, by any standards, as a likely buffet partner at a polite soiree.

His speech was good when he wanted it to be, which was never, except when one of his momentary fits of half-good humor threw him out of character. He had done some reading, although he would not say where or what. This was evidenced only by the unprintably obscene parodies on American verse that sometimes lipped out of his glass. The things that he could do to the sleek-cheeked optimism of Longfellow would put wrinkles in the strongest of stomachs.

Red had entered the Marine Corps in the twilight months of the depression, fleeing the dirty strings which bound him to a share-cropping menage in the South. By his description, which one could frequently hear in the colored fragments he mumbled while in the bottom of his cups, the Danville brood had been numerous, querulous, and poor as hell. There was an ancestral shack of three rooms, and there were frequent references to the scrubby trees and muddy roads through which he walked, not to school, but to work.

His father had loved toddy better than labor, and had liked the creation of additional, squawling family responsibilities better than either. Red's memory held no image of his father at work. By the time Red had come to the remembering age, there were three sons who needed razors, so the old man rested!

The mother of the clan worked steadily and uncomplainingly. She seemed to figure in his mind only as the vague object of some sort of aimless pity.

It was on the "Canada" incident that Red would display the gift of four-letter word imagery and this made him a welcome addition to an enlisted drinking bout. It revolved around an effort that he and his brother had made to get out of the Mississippi mud-holes.

"Bud and I decided that we would go up into Canada and homestead. I was getting tired of eating turnips and the old man snored so damned much nobody could sleep."

The Red that told this story would be the one who had drunk himself a third of the way between the witty rogue and the glowering noncom who would fight simply for the joy of feeling his muscles move.

"We didn't tell anybody about our plans. We couldn't have got the old goat awake long enough to make him understand us anyway, and Momma always had her arms full of kindling or bawling brats."

"So, we went to Memphis and got a job hustling stuff in the freight depot. Jobs were not easy to find in those days, but we got one and worked like hell. I even stayed sober for six months."

His thick, sluggish shoulders told of lots of such work.

"The time went pretty quick in Memphis and when we had a good roll between us, we went back home to get an extra shirt. When we got there, the old man was still snoring."

Red's chuckle at this point would not be pretty.

"Oh, he wasn't mean. He didn't bat anybody with stove-wood. It woulda taken too much energy."

"We hit the place about sunset and gave Mom a hundred bucks to tide things over for awhile. When we tell her what we're going to do, she didn't say nothing, just kept swapping dirty pants on a brat."

"Then we go in to tell the old man. We get him sitting up and it finally dawns on him that we're leaving that night. He sits there for a minute and then jumps off the bunk and yells: 'A dang good idee!' "

Red would slap his heavy thighs at this point and exaggerate the nasal whine his father had.

"He says, 'A dang good idee; if you'll wait till morning, I go with you. I'm getting tired of all the work around here.' "

Drink would be showing more in Red's talk.

"Of all the useless, beer-drinking . . . , I guess my old man took the cake."

He was three people, really, but all

three of him agreed on

one thing — somebody had

fumbled the ball

TRIPLE RED

by Sgt. Lucius F. Johnston
Leatherneck Staff Writer







Red turned Shanghai upside down; then he washed his conscience with brandy

Danville grinned wryly at me. There was no other audience — he wasn't *that* drunk.

"Maybe we shoulda took him along. It would have helped to relieve the overpopulation of Mississippi, and maybe Momma coulda got a little rest. But it wouldn'ta done Canada any good."

The Canadian expedition was a dismal failure. "We lost our pants and all the fixtures in that business! I got into the Marines and I haven't been back home since."

Red was, while on duty, a quiet, unquestioning soldier. He commanded none of the glib clichés with which crusty sergeants major and avid second lieutenants are soothed, but many of the men learned to like him over a drink. When they climbed in rate, they remembered Red — so that he usually held a comfortable sinecure where his redheaded temper and sandy tongue would not trip him up.

When I knew him, he was somewhere in his third enlistment. Between the first and second there had been a disastrous civilian interlude in which a Kansas City widow had done some cute parlor tricks with the savings of his first cruise. This completed the making of a surly, suspicious woman-hater. He paid the other sex the attentions deemed essential by anxious old Mother Nature, but the end was peace of mind, and women were an unfriendly means to that goal.

His consort at the time of our service in China was a mouse of a Chinese girl who, when I was introduced to her, seemed to be breathing in fearful dread of the moment when she should say something to excite the fists of her crusty male. In accordance with the custom in prewar Shanghai, she took a name in harmony with the nationality of her elected man. She called herself Mae.

Red occasionally took her to a movie — possible

concession to something that he had read, but did not believe. Had I the nerve to intrude, I would have enjoyed going with the pair; I can almost hear him making remarks about the childish improbability of stories that ended happily.

Mae did not suffer in a monetary or material sense. Red tried to cultivate a contempt for money, and regularly presented her with a small bale of the Chinese paper currency. He played a stolid, bruising game of poker which helped keep some of the privates of the regiment a little soberer. Much of that coin went to Mae, who struggled to emulate the coy creations of the American movie screen.

She even underwent a conversion to the religion of her man, or at least of her man's country. I watched her at the regimental services which were held in the Grand Theater; she seemed not to notice the smell of last night's popcorn, but sat quietly, watching to make sure that she bowed her black, oily hair at the correct moment.

Mae's actual beliefs were that: (1) one must eat, (2) rice costs money, and (3) Marines get pretty good pay.

The uneasy affair between Red's truculence and the Chinese girl's inability to say and do the pleasing thing at the right time came to a climax late one night in July, 1941. Red woke me at the enlisted men's club where we worked as straw-managers; he wanted first to get something to drink, and second, to tell me about the episode.

For some offense, probably too subtle for my sober, drowsy mind to understand, he had "knocked the hell out of her." This might be called an over-worked phrase, but the English language contains no arrangement which can create a better image of a wisp of girl-child being slapped flat on her trim little sitting mechanism.

Shame of some nature, and possibly contempt of himself for feeling that shame, was gnawing at Red. He told of spending a week's pay for taxi fare to find the girl when she had fled the apartment for which he paid the light and water bills.

Not daring to advise, tamper, or smile, I listened to the dreary tale. Penitence had so stirred Red that he was throwing off shots of magnificent Dutch brandy as if it were rotgut prohibition stuff. The creamy liquid should have been sipped; I fear that this lack of appreciation on his part was the thing that convinced me that he was serious in his shame. I got the "Canada," "Old Man," and "Poor Momma" routines again that night, but he was not at his usual obscene best.

Mae was discovered the next day at the home of one of her girl friends. She was sitting quietly on an ailing sofa, crying a little and trimming her fingernails.

Red's drinking was little more than his loyal participation in the Great American Parlor and Boudoir Pastime, tipping to pass the time and avoid thought. Somewhere he had acquired (if it were inherited, it was from some generation other than the one he described to me) a sense of decency which galled and goaded him on the morning after. At these times, he was sullen and unsmiling — sternly efficient. His favorite bit of penance was to maintain firmly that:

"I made an unmitigated ass of myself last night."

With that he would snarl and wave a red, hairy fist at a Chinese room-boy, with whom he would make solemn arrangement for a drink. He would soon be able to smile a little, especially if someone had advanced additional proof that the world was a rotten, hypocritical, ear-flopping place that should not have been created.

"I wonder if the Almighty made as many mistakes on the other planets as he did here?"

Coming out of the reddened face which resembled that of a thin-skinned chimpanzee, the remark could carry a peculiar, if undefinable, weight.

IN THE months that elapsed before the removal of the regiment from Shanghai, Red and his lady were to be seen in each other's company at frequent intervals, at our club on Bubbling Well Road and an occasional movie house. Chinese women are remarkably well-trained and not given to kicking over the connubial traces. Mae's quiet acceptance of what might be forthcoming became even more noticeable as she felt the lash of Red's heavy sarcasm. She seemed content to know that rice was coming in and that Red did not upbraid her more frequently.

I do not know anything of the farewell remarks of the two. It is interesting to think that the sergeant shed at least one tear. But he would stay in character if he had not.

In the Philippines, Red looked up the beer sources and stared silently into the brush. He took the declaration of war in the same fashion he took everything — merely more evidence that the Almighty had fumbled the ball again. He may have cursed the Japs, but he also had used the same terms to describe his father.

He was no sort of a hero, in spite of what newspapers may have said about Corregidor, nor was he noticeably a coward.

I do remember that he was pathetically glad to see me again after we had been separated. It was a deeply satisfying sedative to sit with Red in the dust and heat of the Rock's trenches and hear him utter two or three words every 15 minutes, all in outraged assault upon those who manage things. Red was a philosopher, one of the best kind; that is, one who does not rattle interminably when he catches someone with a slack look on his face.

Something went out of the man with the surrender. It would be glorious to think that it was the humiliation of his army's defeat, but it was something more intimate. Perhaps he needed the colored glasses which he could get out of a drink; maybe his sins were catching up with him. Maybe, as he repeatedly said, he "just didn't give a damn. What's the use? The worms will get you in the end, anyway." No exaggerated pathos in the remark, simply the evaluation of circumstances which he could not express without being profane.

The last time I saw Red I gave him a battered old Homburg. The prospect of mashing the precious relic on a boat trip to Japan pained me; so I gave it to him, charging him to take good care. He, I hope, was wearing it when American bombs gutted the Japan-bound prison ship he was riding. It's not hard to think that Red went out cursing and drinking — sea water.

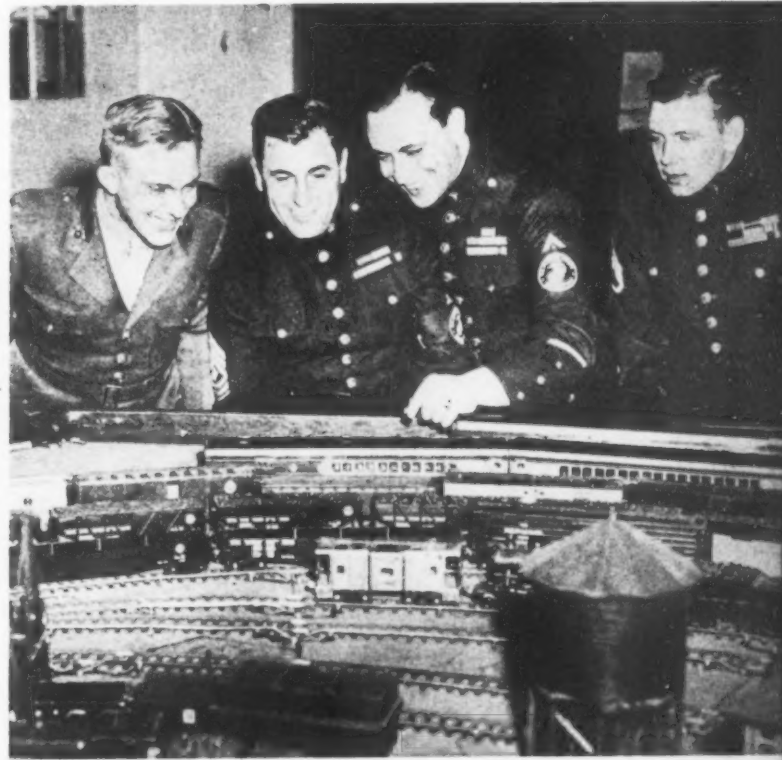
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A combination of business and pleasure gave four Newark Marines an opportunity to examine the display of the American Handicrafts Co., the largest in the world

Former Marine Philip Svigals, executive

The four Marines also examined the pottery and woodcarving displays. With the exhibitors permission they turned to with some of the material available for

The entire display is at present on tour through the country. No admission is charged, and Marines who have become interested in hobby work through the Corps program would do well to examine the layout for ideas. **END**



The Newark recruiters, First Lieutenant Louis Daze, and Sergeants De Blis, Pianezza and Adamcik, inspect the model railroad layout



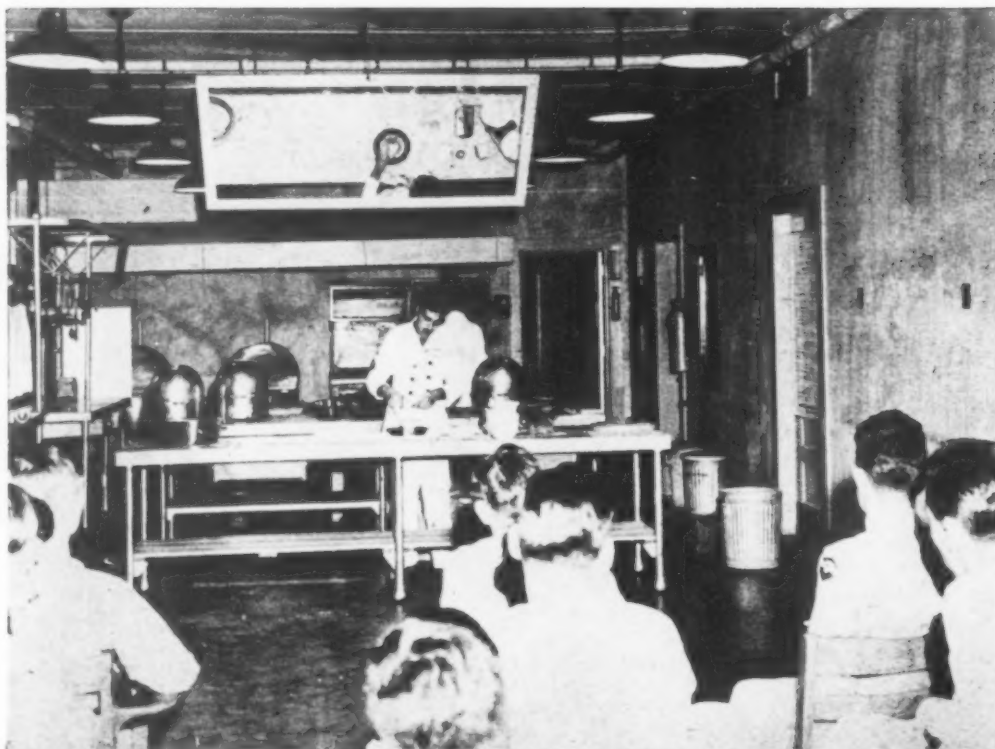
During the past war Thanksgiving turkey dinners were not uncommon events for troops in the field, or aboard ship, even in some of the

most advanced combat zones. Despite the often steady diet of C and K rations no army in the world has ever been better fed during a war



Cooking schools and refresher courses help to keep Marine mess halls staffed with cooks

CHANGE



"**Y**ESTERDAY we had the utmost good fortune. Lieutenant Hideki, on patrol, discovered an abandoned ration dump belonging to the American forces. For the first time in weeks we feasted. Many of the delicacies were sealed in cans. It is difficult to understand how a defeated force can be so well supplied."

This surprising quote, lifted from a letter found on a captured Jap, would not be so astounding to anyone but a veteran of rich America's armies. Bad as it may have seemed the field chow dished out in World War II was heavenly, both in taste and nutritious value, compared to the ersatz stomach stuffings of the Germans, and the endless courses of rice and fish provided the Japanese GI Joe.

Well steeped in the horrors of World War I's beans, the Army has maintained a steady search for better and better field rations ever since. Much valuable experience was obtained during the second World War, and the improvement program continues into the postwar period.

The captured Jap who was so pleasantly surprised was talking about the much-cursed K and C rations. An estimated 31,500,000 K and C rations, not to mention countless D rations, were consumed by 525,000 Marines from 1941 to 1945. It is a safe bet that 524,000 of these ration receivers found the emergency chow good cause for complaint, since they were raised in the wealthiest and eatingest of all lands on earth.

But as beans were hastily abandoned by the Army after World War I, so are many of the field foods used in World War II being junked. K is out, and drastic changes are planned for C. Should another war come the Army Quartermaster hopes to have reasonably palatable chow ready for men in the field.

From research, based on actual experience with rations, has come the new E ration, and a much-improved version of C. The old 10-in-1, a 40-pound collection of foods designed to feed 10 men for one day, is going to be replaced by a

longer periods was needed the scope of C ration was enlarged to include a greater variety of items.

In its last version, C provided a choice of six menus—ham, eggs and potatoes; meat and beans; chicken and vegetables; pork and rice; meat and spaghetti and meat and vegetable stew. The "B" components eventually consisted of a variety of biscuits, a beverage powder, compressed cereals, chocolate-coated peanuts or candy, cookies and jam. As an accessory, each ration also had a water-tight packet tucked between the cans. It contained cigarets, matches, candy-coated chewing gum, water purification tablets, salt tablets, a small can opener and toilet tissue.

At the outbreak of the European war in 1939 the Army had divided soldier chow into four classes: Type A, garrison chow composed mainly of fresh meats, vegetables, fruit, and so forth; Type B, a modification of A consisting of canned, preserved and dehydrated foods, none of which required refrigeration, particularly suited to relatively secure areas; Type C, already discussed; and finally, Type D, three four-ounce emergency chocolate bars.

The war was not long in the making before the main drawbacks of the Army's ration system had been discovered. The A and B types did not lend themselves to individual mobility which was part and parcel of the new, fast-moving war. The D ration might have served its purpose if the men had eaten it. It was intended only for use in extreme emergency but experience showed that it had poor acceptability. Marines on Guadalcanal were forced to supplement their meager diet with commercial products. One unit wound up eating corn for five days in succession when the labels were washed off the cans coming ashore. Such were the growing pains that plagued our initial rations program.

But for the most part, it can be said that Marines usually liked the A, B and C rations, tolerated the D ration, and cursed the K from hell to breakfast. This was understandable, for the K ration was primarily intended for front-line use not to exceed three days. When

late bar was about the only item which met with general approval, and even this with reservations. If eaten in less than the half-hour prescribed to devour it, it became a very capable laxative.

Perhaps the most basic criticisms of the K ration were that even with a fire available it was too difficult to heat up. Its weight was found to be far out of proportion to the energy-giving food that it should have contained.

With this in mind, the Army inaugurated its present research program for better combat rations. Last Spring the first demonstration of results in these initial experiments was made public at the American Museum of Natural History. The new ration chosen to replace K and C was named E. It represents the most advanced development of components of all the other rations and has been tentatively accepted by the Marine Corps.

The seven E cans break down into three meat, two biscuit, one bread and one fruit unit. Ten varieties of meat and four of fruit have been developed. Each meat item will weigh 12 ounces and may contain any of the following combinations: chicken and vegetables; hamburgers with gravy; pork and rice; ham and lima beans; beef stew; beans with pork; meat and beans; frankfurters and beans; meat and noodles and ground meat and spaghetti. The fruit can weighs the same amount and contains peaches, pineapple, apricots or fruit cocktail. One biscuit unit will include coffee, butterscotch cookies, compressed cereal, sugar, jam and cocoa, while the other includes chocolate fudge disc, sugar, round biscuits, jam, coffee, and grape or orange beverage powder.

Bread, among the most common peacetime staples in most countries, has been long conspicuously absent from the serviceman's combat diet. Whether it will make its unique appearance in the new E ration depends upon present experiments. A canned bread was tested in mountain maneuvers by the Army Ground Forces last Fall, and is currently under testing at other stations in the United States and Alaska. So far, these

IN Chow

Field rations have improved
both in quality and quantity

ration one half the size called 5-in-1. It was found that half of the contents of the 10-in-1 ration was being thrown away.

Nearly all the new foods are being developed by the Army Quartermaster Corps, from which the Marine Corps has always obtained most of its emergency foods. During the last war, in fact, all but a very little of Marine chow, garrison and field, was Army-produced. This arrangement proved so effective that it is expected to be continued indefinitely.

The Army began work on a compact and palatable field ration as far back as 1937, when its Subsistence Research Laboratory began experiments with tinned meat combinations. The commercial products then on the market were found to be of unsuitable quality, falling far short of the standard which the military intended to set. Compact, easily portable tinned foods that provided all the calories and nutrients necessary to maintain a soldier in action, were desired.

By September, 1939, a combination approaching the 1945 C ration had been decided upon. Field experiments conducted in 1940, during maneuvers, resulted in several additional changes. Chief of these was a cut in the size of the tins from capacities of 15 to 12 ounces, and a greater variation in the biscuit components. When finally approved, in time for the opening of World War II, the C ration consisted of six small cans, three containing meat or "M" components, and three containing bread or "B" components. The ration was originally designed for conditions under which men would spend a very few days in the field. When experience proved something for

Marines found themselves in the second and in some cases the third month of a K-ration diet, they could make their complaints as voluble as the shooting. But in the long run, they came to realize that eating K ration was better than not eating at all, a situation not uncommon in battle when the QM's supply lines break down.

The U.S. Army ration K was packed in three rectangular waterproofed boxes, each one designed to hold enough food for a single meal. Its two and three quarter pounds of weight contained 2880 calories. The main items in each meal were meat, meat and eggs, or cheese. Envelopes of soluble coffee, bouillon, lemonade, fruit bars, malted milk tablets, a chocolate bar, crackers, gum, cigarets and toilet tissue completed the ration.

K-ration meat was found to be monotonous, fatty and sometimes unpalatable. The cheese was thirst-provoking, had a laxative effect, and its plasticity was disturbing to many. To be at all tasty, the coffee and bouillon required hot water, while the lemonade was passable only when used with cold water. For reasons that are obvious, the Marine in battle could seldom prepare his food with all this meticulousness.

The fruit bar and malted milk tablets met with limited approval, a fact which you can soon verify if you question many World War II veterans. The crackers were too hard, not too unlike the notorious British hardtack which set the Tommies to beating their gums in World War I. There was never enough gum (one stick) or cigarets (three). The toilet tissue, fell far short of the minimum requirements. The choco-

tests have indicated that the new E ration bread remains nutritious and palatable over long periods of storage. If it is accepted, four ounces of it will be baked right in the cans, a part of the E ration kit.

A touchy problem which developed during hit-and-run tactics of the last war was the provision of food for troops assigned to carry out special missions far from the source of re-supply. Tentatively designed to fill the bill is an assault ration named F. It will be packed in six ounce cans, just half the size of the E ration can. The infantryman will be permitted to carry as many of these cans as he desires in as great a variety as he wishes.

With all this talk of new rations, veterans of the Second World War have already come to regard their fare in the "Old Corps" as obsolete. So did the World War I veteran, reminiscing about his days of trenches and baked beans, drool over the delectables that were available to fighters in World War II. But in spite of these variances of opinion, the quartermastering technique of warfare in our own remembrance has come a long way since the days of Genghis Khan when each Mongul raider carried his supply of raw meat under the saddle.

The tremendous job of food supply in World War II involved four services and 18 million men and women. At the same time, 120 million civilians on the home front were not entirely placid about their enforced stint. To further complicate matters, importation of various staples had been cut off by U-Boat warfare in the Atlantic. The problem which loomed to confront

CHANGE IN CHOW (cont.)



Everyone but the "spud cox'n" was definitely against the much used dehydrated potatoes, common on mess tables of troops at overseas

posts and aboard many ships. Dehydrated foods came into common use during the war. Although nutritious they did not appeal to hungry men

quartermasters had all the terror of a first class nightmare.

At first the Marine Corps carried out its own marketing system, an unsatisfactory arrangement because purchasing its own supplies put the Corps in competition with the other services. Individual service purchasing was later abandoned in favor of a joint purchasing organization entitled the Army Quartermaster Market Center System. It consolidated Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard quartermaster departments under one head. The Army Quartermaster General assumed the momentous job of food procurement.

The heart of this huge military enterprise was centrally located in Chicago, Ill., with 36 market centers stretching across the United States, making food available to the smallest camps. From these centers perishable foods such as meat, fruits and vegetables were shipped to the Corps' two largest bases, Camp Pendleton on the West Coast and Camp Lejeune in the East. Nonperishable foods were bought at Purchasing Centers and distributed to Posts, camps and stations. Through a system of early ordering, sometimes as much as a year in advance, the central procurement agency was able to purchase its nonperishables during the best buying seasons. This made it possible to ease the armed services' cut into the civilian reserve as well as lightening the transportation problem involved in keeping food flowing to men both at home and overseas.

Through its experience of sensible wartime purchasing, the Market Center System has immeasurably improved the chow which the GI finds on messhall tables today. While the large posts obtain their supplies directly from branch depots, maintaining a three months supply ahead, perishables come fresh from the Army's food

centers. To supplement these seasonal rations, small posts are occasionally authorized to procure specific items from civilian channels at hand. Many items are prepared from raw materials right on the stations. These may range from baked goods to ice cream. Most small posts now have their own ice cream freezers, and before the end of 1948, all large posts are scheduled to be similarly equipped.

Once supplies arrive aboard an installation, they become the responsibility of a commissary supply officer. The chain of command differs according to the size of the post. Most large posts have a Mess Consolidation System with a food director (field officer) directly responsible to the supply officer for mess administration. The latter is assisted by a mess officer. In small posts where there is no need for a food director, the mess officer is in charge.

The food director coordinates the activities of the cooks, bakers and butchers; sees to it that regular schooling and other types of educational programs for mess personnel are carried out; inspects the messhalls and galleys; sees that the master menu, issued by headquarters, is followed; advises the commissary officer, and through proper channels, the Commandant, on the various messing problems at his station. The mess officer directly supervises the functions of the food handlers and record keepers, and assists in carrying out the instructions of the food director. In small posts, he also acts as food director.

After the outbreak of war and sudden upsurge in enlistments, the Marine Corps' first concern was gearing its chow line to meet a complement some 20 times its prewar strength. First to be overhauled was the menu system. In peacetime, the job of providing a daily menu that would

offer both palatable and nutritious food was left to post mess sergeants. While this system had worked well enough where only a few thousand men were concerned, it proved impractical in large camps where oftentimes 75,000 men were in training. The Corps learned that the old adage, "too many cooks spoil the broth", had a ring of truth in it. Marine Corps cooks were "spoil the broth" with their own theories of nutrition and malnutrition, seasoning and overseasoning. It was here that the master menu system of the Army was adopted by the Corps.

Prepared by the Food Service Division, the Corps' master menu first was published as a suggestion which cooks could follow or not follow as they desired. It was later made mandatory, with changes permitted only when the food supply made it unavoidable, and even then such changes had to be reported to the Commandant. Corps menus are prepared 90 days in advance. They take into consideration the food supply, what foods will be acceptable, and their various nutritional and caloric values. The average menu provides 4000 calories a day per man, 1600 more than national research agencies estimate is necessary for a man in sedentary work. The average Marine consumed 650 calories more than his erstwhile comrade in arms, the WR.

Although the master menu provided a 4000 calory average, wartime research in the big Stateside camps found that from 400 to 500 additional calories per man per day were being purchased at the PXs. Lieutenant Commander Clyde M. McCay, ex-Cornell University professor with the Naval Medical Research Institute, conductor of the survey, estimated that the pogybait and ice cream which Marines bought and consumed accounted for a 10 to 20 per cent food wastage—

Proper mess management will give the troops good chow

chow which the men had little appetite for and left on their meal trays.

Now, more than ever before, the average American serviceman travels on his stomach. According to one war department publication, the prewar peacetime GI received a daily ration of one pound of meat, 21 ounces of vegetables, five ounces of fruits, three ounces of beverages, nine of milk, three of lard and butter, 12 of flour, five of sugar and an odd six ounces of condiments. The amount was proportionately increased to meet the rigors of wartime. In comparison, the Revolutionary War soldier received 16 ounces of beef, 16 of flour, seven of peas, 16 of milk, one of rice and one of soup and candy combined. The Yankee Doodle boys were issued their rations uncooked, to be prepared later over a campfire and washed down with an ounce of spruce beer. A gill of rum replaced beer for American soldiers in the War of 1812.

Despite a seemingly rigid ration system designed to produce mass amounts of food for millions of uniformed men and women, the American services maintain a surprising amount of elasticity in their military diets. Added to the peacetime ration of today is a 10 to 33 per cent meat increase and a 20 per cent vegetable increase for troops serving in Alaska. This is because the body requires more fuel to keep warm in a cold climate. Similar exceptions are made in the diets of men serving in tropical and European theatres.

To the GI who complains that his present fare is not what it should be, the quartermaster department can come back with the answer that it isn't what it could be. In the interest of comparison, let's take the pound and a half of turkey that graces the serviceman's plate on Christmas or Thanksgiving today and compare it to the seagoing Marine's holiday menu back in the days of John Paul Jones. Instead of turkey, Marines at that time sank their snags into lobscouse, daddyfunk, plumduff, schooner on the rocks and harness cask, all washed down with pale beer. Lobscouse is what the old salts called a hashy combination of meat, vegetables and hardtack. Daddyfunk, another messy concoction of hardtack soaked in water, baked in grease and served with molasses, was no less unpalatable.

Plumduff, nothing but boiled flour and water containing raisins or currants, is said to have got its name from the seagoing supposition that if "rough" can be pronounced "ruff", and "tough", "tuff", then there is no reason why "dough" couldn't be spelled "duff". Schooner on the rocks was a roast of beef garnished with boiled potatoes; and harness cask was a tough beef, believed by Marines of the day to have been unadulterated horse, from which a galley slave forgot to remove the harness. The "pale beer" was water.

Of all the services and their various branches, the submariners of the last war were by far the best fed. Their food allowance is still 15 cents higher per man than for the rest of the Navy. An open icebox has long been traditional with galley men of the Navy's tin fish. Because the submariner is under constant strain while he is below the surface, only the healthiest and most physically fit are chosen for this service. With no sun and very little time or room for recreation, highly nutritional food must make up for a lot of shortcomings in a grueling, unhealthy life.

Although the previously mentioned master menu determines what cooks will serve in all branches of military service, the cook alone can determine how it will taste. And without certain standard preparation methods, he would have plenty of leeway for error when he got ready to season the meat or brew the coffee. During the war, the SOP for Marine Corps cooks was set down in an Army cook book containing 658 recipes and food preparation hints. A similar cook book published by the Navy is presently replacing the Army publication in most Marine camps. The Navy's book has gone through many additions and revisions upon the advice of a committee from the National Restaurant Association whose members submitted the recipes.

The naval service has always been particularly fussy about its cooks. Although many a man has been forced to live in the field on K and C rations, and even these he was lucky to get in some isolated instances, garrison A rations have been served whenever cooks could get them. Many a mess officer who liked to see his peons

eating well has been known to scrounge, beg, borrow and even steal chow for his men. Cooking in a Stateside galley can be hard enough, but rustling up a chow in the field sometimes taxes the best that's in a first class slum-burner.

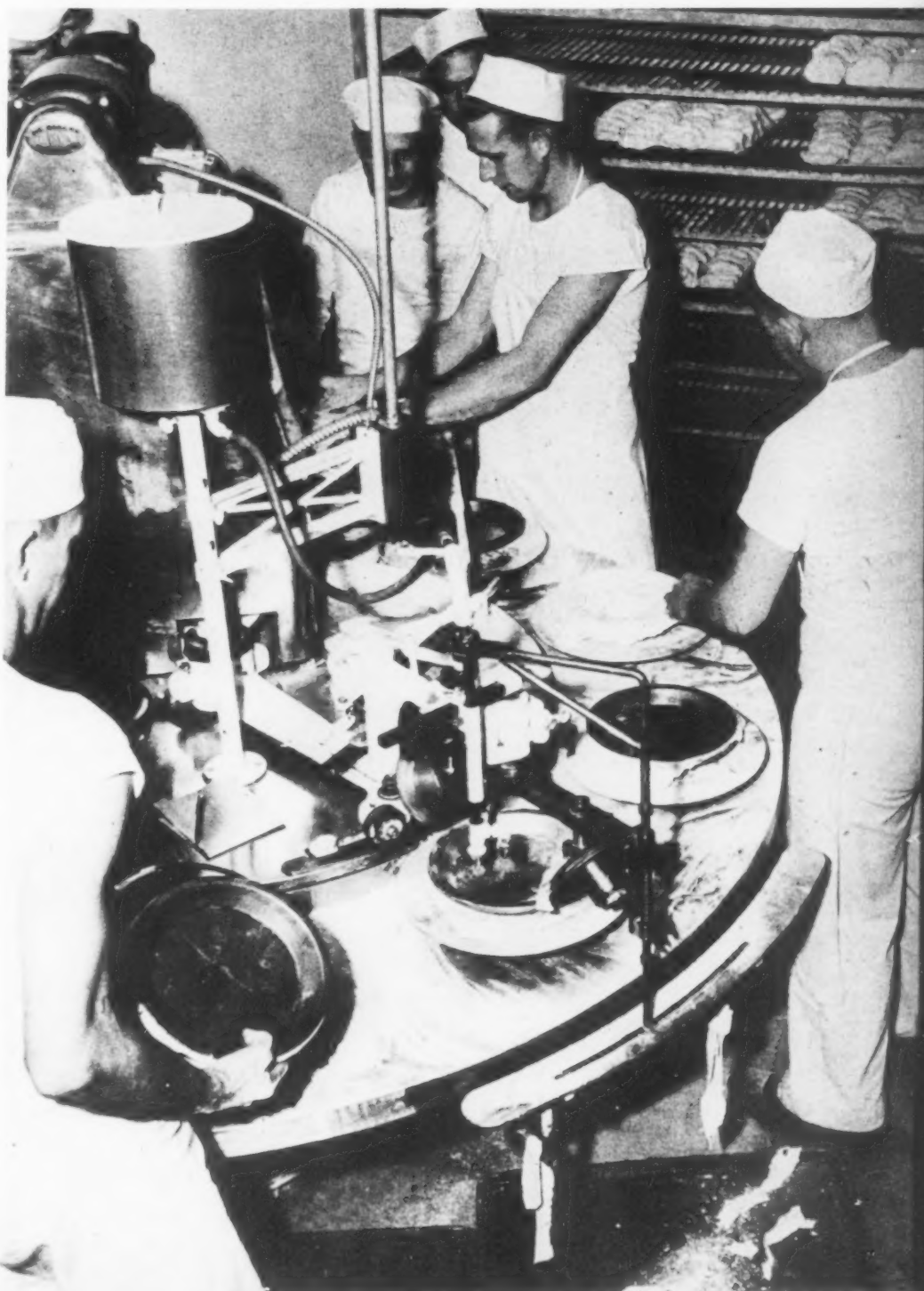
The Marine Corps keeps its vast cooking staff up to strength by training new men at its many basic and advanced schools in camps throughout the country. Camp Lejeune features an eight-week course with a quota of 20 men to each class. Instruction covers mess management, nutrition, food preparation and serving, meat cutting and familiarization with field kitchen equipment and dehydrated foods. Corps bakers undergo a similar course at Lejeune. Courses convene monthly and last eight weeks with a quota of six men to a class. The students are taught all aspects of the bakers' art. Men desiring to apply for either course must have at least 18 months service to do on their present enlistment.

Sergeants and above with 18 months or more left on their enlistments are eligible to attend a

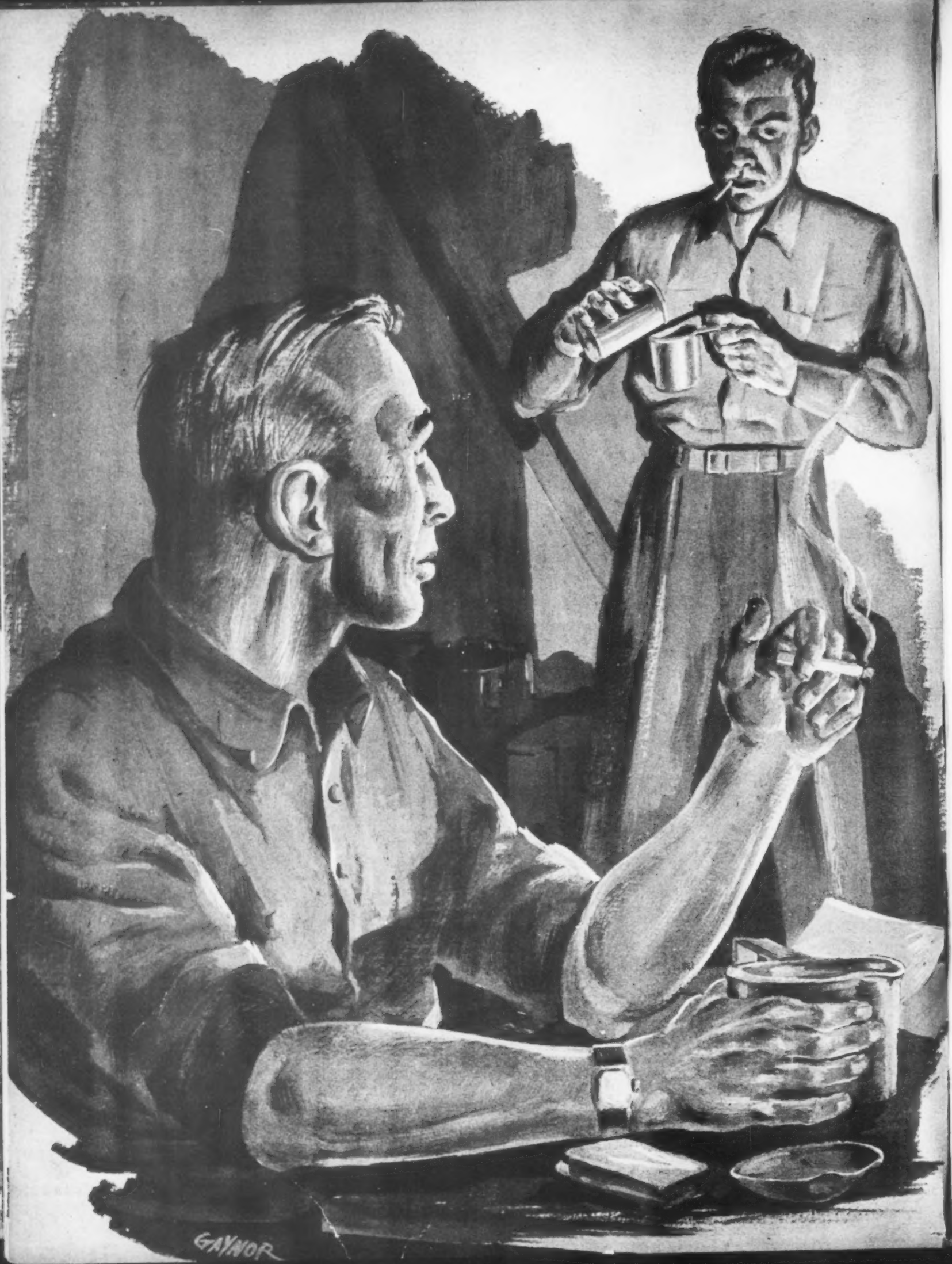
30-day mess management course at Camp Lejeune. Classes convene monthly with 10 men admitted to each class. Other available training includes a stewards' course for enlisted personnel at Lejeune and a food directors' course at Chicago for Marine officers. The latter is under sponsorship of the Army Quartermaster Corps.

Indirectly, it might be said that good chow in the Marine Corps had a definite effect upon the early surrender of the Axis powers, especially in the case of Germany and Japan. The German soldier, who subsisted on a dehydrated diet of ground soybeans, corn and dried milk; and the Japanese fighter, whose basic diet consisted of rice and canned fish, could not resist our promises of fresh meat and vegetables. As the war continued, this particular phase of our psychological war became ever more and more effective. Toward the end of the war, food became one of our greatest incentives to induce the enemy to surrender.

When the front line became the chow line, the war was over. **END**



This machine is designed to aid in the tremendous job of filling the Navy's sweet tooth. It can turn out pies ready for the baker's oven at the rate of 900 an hour



Lieutenant Burke was causing the trouble.
He gave the outfit the jitters but
he couldn't leave

WITHOUT ORDERS

by Roy T. Stewart

AS the day came to a tired end for Coleman, the breath of danger blew softly across the tiny island again. For the third time in three days, he felt its closeness and glanced upward instinctively.

With landing gear sucked up tightly in her belly, the bomber slid down a steep, invisible groove and ripped into the runway. Coral dust boiled up and hung in a deadly blossom as the wail of a siren sounded. Crash landing!

In that tense second, a crash wagon skidded into view and men leaped toward the wreckage. Slowly, wonderingly, one by one, a white faced crew climbed out to meet them. The last man was the pilot. All crew members were safe.

Through the dusk, Lieutenant Colonel Coleman watched with forced calm. As the crew stood safe, his control wavered and he swore softly as he ground a cigaret beneath his flying boot. His third day as squadron leader and his third ship washed out. What the hell kind of an outfit had they given him?

He walked slowly to his quarters. Three years of combat duty had given him a fatalist's composure, but worried concern was becoming a living thing within him. His new command was a raw, quivering nerve. The men were quick-tempered, caught in the current of some unknown fear.

Approaching his tent near the water's edge, he hesitated and then smiled faintly. Civilization was catching up with him. The Seabees had brought in a generator and he now had lights.

Even his small radio was playing. Through the heavy static, he could hear a worn recording of "St. Louis Blues." Major McCray, who shared quarters with him, had returned early.

The major, a lean, tired-looking man, was sitting at a makeshift desk, eyes closed, fingers softly beating time to the music. Hearing Coleman, he switched off the set. The gesture was almost too deft, too quick.

"Tokyo Rose?" Coleman's tone was casual.

"Yes, Sir." McCray walked slowly over to his cot. "We listen to her whenever we can."

"I do the same thing." Coleman peeled his flying clothes, sat down behind the desk and adjusted the small lamp. "She's about the only entertainment I've had out here."

"She's good for a laugh anytime."

There was a flat pause as if McCray had left something unsaid. Finally, Coleman cleared his throat.

"Did she mention Colonel Moore?" he asked.

"No, Sir."

"And me?"

"Not today, Sir."

Coleman grinned. "Yesterday she said I'd be next."

"That's right," McCray said softly. "And Col. Moore lasted just a week after she tagged him."

It was a minor point. Tokyo Rose was always

predicting the death of someone. He had other things on his mind. Three washed out ships, for instance. A slight noise across the tent attracted his attention.

McCray was heading for the doorway. "I'm going to the PX. Anything I can bring you?"

Coleman sighed deeply. "If they've got something that's not too warm—"

"Fruit juice. Canned." McCray grinned. "It'll probably be warm, too."

Coleman smiled absently. Nice fellows in the outfit. Presently he wiped his hand on a trouser leg and bent above the pile of reports on his desk.

Time rolled over slowly and the night deepened outside. A soft breeze pushed its way into the tent. From another part of the island, multi-horsepowered engines roared into life—night fighters warming up.

COLEMAN rose and went to the door. Silhouetted, his youth became apparent. The lines of his neck and shoulders were firm and clearly cut. His body had an elastic look. Only his face showed the sudden, forced maturity brought on by three years of warfare.

He shifted restlessly. The sound of ships about to take off always stirred him. Paper work claimed too much of his time these days. He turned and stared to the north.

A chill ran over him, and he shivered. Something had reached through the warm evening and laid a cold hand on him. He inhaled deeply, violently. He turned and went back to his papers.

There was no sound when the lieutenant entered. Coleman experienced only a sense of nearness and looked up.

The man was young, too young. Coleman considered the slim height. Flying clothes, dirty, worn. Looked as though he had just returned from flight.

"What is it, Lieutenant?"

Only then did he look at the eyes above him. He saw a deep hurt in them, a hurt thinly veiled by bewilderment. He reminded Coleman of a man who was lost, a man who had been wandering helplessly through a strange world of terror.

"I want to go home, Sir." The voice was low.

Coleman sat very still. Disbelief came to life slowly in his mind.

He said: "I still don't know all of you. Are you one of my men?"

"I belong to the group under your command, Sir."

Coleman felt a surge of anger. Of all the kids he'd known, poor frightened kids who died in the dirt and stink of the Pacific, not one had ever quit.

"Sir," the lieutenant's voice had an uneven note, "all I need is your permission."

"You'll need more than that, Lieutenant." Coleman's face was hard. "Under my present orders, I have no authority to release you."

The lieutenant hesitated. "Thank you, Sir."

The sudden droop in the young shoulders stabbed at Coleman. "Have you seen the flight surgeon?"

"He can't help me, Sir."

Coleman found a pencil. "What's your name?"

"Burke, Sir."

"I'll see what I can do tomorrow, Lieutenant."

He wrote the name on a pad. "Come in when you're off duty."

He looked up again. The veil was lifting from the hurt, fear-chilled eyes. Into them, instead, there crept a look of desolation. Looking deep, Coleman suddenly knew his own great loneliness. He could see his own home, feel his own longing, realized all at once how tired he had become.

He was staring at the desk unseeingly when McCray returned with a can of grapefruit juice.

"Best I could do," he said.

Coleman frowned. He turned the pad in his fingers, flipped it toward McCray.

"What do you know about this fellow?"

McCray looked at the pad, "So he's been here." Coleman nodded slowly. "He wants to go home."

"I know. He used to bother Colonel Moore."

"Well, if Colonel Moore couldn't help him, I certainly can't."

"And it's too bad, too, Sir. We've never had a better man."

"I promised I'd look into it tomorrow."

McCray lit a cigaret. "From the moment Burke joined this outfit, he acted as though he had a personal grudge against the Japs. He never broke over the traces, he never acted without orders." McCray exhaled slowly. "I think that may be his trouble."

"But you've got to have a reason, man. Operational fatigue. He said the flight surgeon couldn't—"

"Always homesick," McCray continued heedlessly. "One look at him and you knew how much he wanted to go home. That's all he wants now. Just to go home."

Coleman jerked to his feet. "It's not a matter of what he wants, what anybody wants," he said. "It's what I can do—"

"You can't do anything for him, Sir," McCray interrupted.

Coleman whirled on him. "McCray, get it out in the open. What the hell is the matter with this outfit?"

McCray gazed at him steadily and for a moment there was silence, then McCray spoke:

"It's Burke, Sir."

"Burke?"

"Yes, Sir." McCray was grim. "He's the one who has us all on edge. You see, Burke was killed in combat three months ago."

END

★ ROY T. STEWART'S short story "Without Orders" has been adjudged this month's contest winner.

THE RIFLE MASTER



The medals displayed on Fisher's broad chest represent a long string of enviable records chalked up during his shooting career



by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen
Leatherneck Staff Writer

IN THE Marine Corps, which long has prided itself on the shooting prowess of its men, there was one who stood head and shoulders over all the rest. He was the best rifle shot in the world, and one of the finest of all time. He was best man in two Olympic and two world championship matches, won several national titles and many other lesser awards. In the course of his shootings this Marine, Morris Fisher, collected more than 100 medals and trophies.

Morris Fisher got off to an odd start. No one in his boot camp, back in 1911, could have had the slightest idea of what he was going to amount to, for young Fisher failed to qualify the first time he fired. The 18-year-old youth from Youngstown, Ohio, had had no previous experience with weapons and he took little interest in shooting, or in his failure to qualify, until he had been transferred to Pearl Harbor from Parris Island. But fate, in the person of Major General Douglas C. McDougal, took a hand in

←
Gunner Fisher and the "free" rifle with which he captured two Olympic and two world championships, an unequalled feat

Hawaii and before his 30 years were up Fisher had fired all over this country, throughout Europe, in South America and the Pacific. He is retired now, a former chief warrant officer, living in sunny La Jolla, Calif.

When Fisher went to Hawaii he found himself in the middle of a campaign being staged by Gen. McDougal. The purpose of the campaign was to produce a good rifle team to represent the post. The general, who was a distinguished marksman himself, required every Marine in his command to fire five shots from each position just about every other day.

Former Gunner Morris Fisher copped nearly every shooting honor for which he fired

The general was a perfectionist for position, and attempted to build up a genuine interest in rifle shooting among the men of the post.

It was here that Fisher first developed the skill that was to make him the world's leading rifle shot. Shooting again for qualification, he made sharpshooter. Gen. McDougal saw in him a young recruit who had definite possibilities as a rifle shot, and put him on a team that fired in the divisional matches at Bremerton, Wash. Fisher then successfully competed in the division and the Marine Corps matches of that year and became a member of the Marine team firing at Camp Perry. It was an off-year for the

began to tremble, and a cold sweat broke out all over my body. For the life of me, I couldn't hold the rifle on the target, let alone in the black.

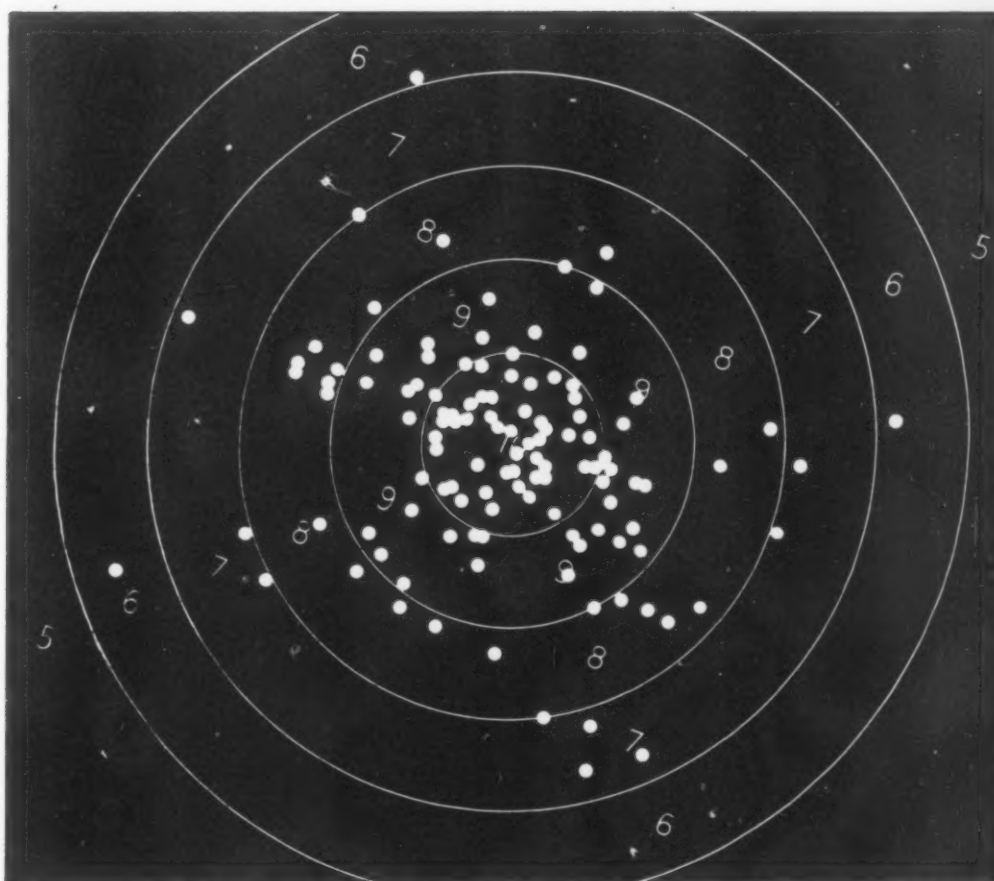
"There is no shooting time limit in the Olympic Games, so for almost 20 minutes I tried to calm myself before squeezing one off. My team captain lost patience and pointing his finger at me said, 'You fire that shot — I don't give a damn where you hit!' I forced myself to let one go and just barely hit the target. My next was a seven. Then I got mad, forgot about the match, and concentrated on my shooting. That was all I needed and I took the title."

the match for Cuba. When he came through with a trey, he was too dazed to be offended by the hearty congratulations he received from members of the American team.

In the years following World War I, international rifle competition became an annual feature. From 1921 to 1930 Fisher was a shooting member of every United States team competing. He traveled to Lyon, France; Milan, Italy; Camp Perry, Ohio; Rheims, France; St. Gall, Switzerland; The Hague, Holland; Stockholm, Sweden, and Antwerp, Belgium. Rifle-men traveled first-class everywhere they went, with all expenses paid, and it was a choice tour of duty for any Marine.

Much of Fisher's best shooting was done on foreign shores, but in 1923 at Camp Perry he demonstrated once and for always that he was the best man in this country. In preparing for the Perry match, he snapped-in all winter. Every free moment he had, including Sundays and holidays, he engaged in his extremely monotonous routine. The man he had to beat was Doctor Walter Stokes, who had won two successive world championships, and was out for his third.

In the match that year, Fisher broke by 15 points



The concentrated grouping of the gunner's fire is clearly demonstrated in this photostatic copy of one of his championship performances. Yet he did not qualify on his first boot camp try

Marines. They failed to win the match, but it gave the young rifleman his first taste of big time competition.

World War I interrupted Fisher's chances to compete in any more matches. He was engaged in a more serious type of rifle shooting as a member of General Smedley Butler's Thirteenth Regiment.

Soon after the end of the war and his return to the States, he was at Quantico, firing in a match that drew the best civilian and military shots in the country. It was the tryout for the 1920 Olympic Games rifle team. More than 200 crack shots were on hand, all anxious to win berths on the United States team. Young Fisher copped fourth place in the trial matches and was the leading Marine shooter. Three other Marines won places on the 17-man aggregation — Captain Joseph Jackson, Gunnery Sergeant Ollie Schriber and a Sergeant Henshaw.

The Games that year were held in Antwerp, Belgium, and after the smoke had cleared from the firing line, Fisher had won international recognition. Olympic competitors fired 40 rounds in each of three positions — prone, sitting and offhand — from a distance of 300 meters. The bulls-eye was 10 inches in diameter, but in order to get the top score of ten, the riflemen had to pinwheel their shots in the very center of the black. The possible for the match was 1200. Fisher's score of 991 gave him the individual title, and helped the United States win the team championship. To make the occasion even more memorable, a beautiful gold statuette of a triumphant Greek competitor was personally presented to Fisher by King Albert of Belgium.

Fisher almost blew the match, under the terrific pressure of the Olympic competition. Each rifleman was given ten trial shots. "My first three practice shots were pinwheelled in the ten ring," the gunner said, "So I confidently called for my target, ready to start record shooting. All of a sudden it dawned on me that I was representing the United States against the most imposing collection of riflemen in the world. I got a case of jitters that would have put the most nervous boot on record day to shame. My knees

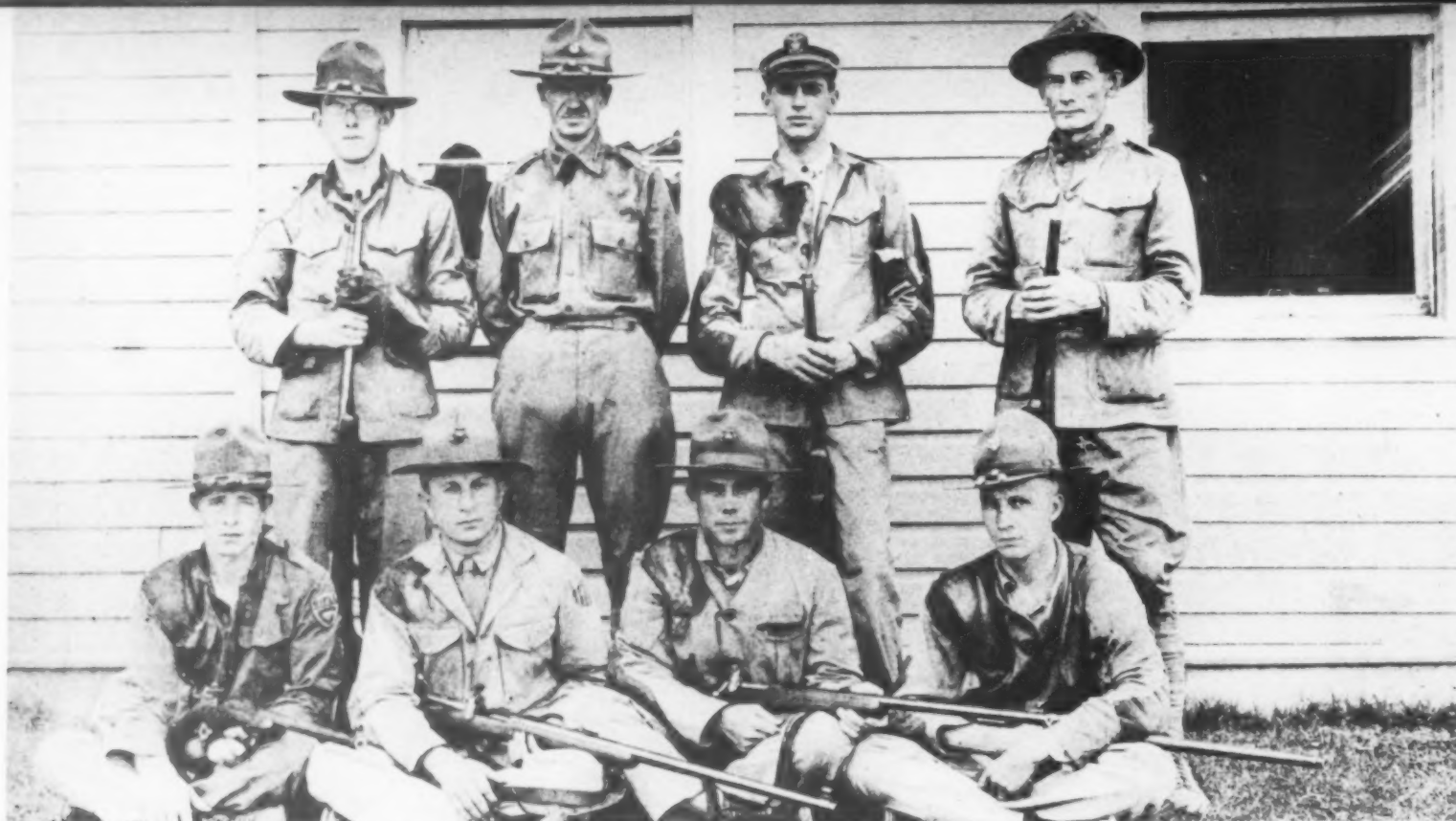
Tryouts for the 1924 Olympic Games rifle team were held again at Quantico, and once more Fisher won a berth on the team. The Games that year were to be held in Chalons, France, and the course had been changed to include shooting from 400, 600, and 800 meters. All the firing was done in the prone position. Unlike the previous Olympic match, in which the individual and team competition was fired at the same time, there were two separate matches in 1924. Fisher and Commander Carl T. Osburn of the U. S. Navy tied for the individual title, but in the shoot-off the Marine again captured the championship. Firing once more with a champion U. S. team, he went on to win new laurels for himself in international competition.

That year as a member of the United States team, he fired in the Pan-American matches at Lima, Peru where the U. S. collected top honors. The Cubans, using American equipment, stayed close behind the Americans all through the meet. The last shot fired by the Cuban anchorman had to be a four if he were to tie the United States, and a five if he were to win

the record of 1075, made by a Swiss rifleman. It was one of the most amazing performances ever turned in at Perry and gave the Marine the world's individual title. In all his previous matches, he had stuck to the weapon then favored by all Marines, the 1903 Springfield. That year, because it was "free" rifle competition, he used a specially-built Springfield with a Winchester barrel. It was a combination of hard work, plenty of snapping-in, his new weapon, and some very good luck that gave him the title.

Although Fisher concentrated on the rifle, he didn't altogether neglect the pistol. He became distinguished with that weapon in 1923, and in 1931, while firing in the Marine Corps matches, he added the Lauchheimer Trophy to his ever growing list of awards. This trophy is given to the Marine with the best aggregate score fired with both the rifle and pistol in the annual Corps competition. In winning the trophy, he made the top score in the rifle match.

All told, Fisher has fired on five Marine Corps rifle teams in national matches and on two pistol



CWO Fisher, (second from the left, front row) when he was a member of the International Rifle team of 1925 which competed in Switzerland.

In the years following World War I international rifle competition was lively, and Fisher was a member of U. S. teams from 1921 to 1930

teams. Three of these rifle teams won the national championship.

From 1933 to the outbreak of World War II he was out of the service and held a civilian guard job in New York City. During these years he demonstrated his versatility in another field. He is the author of two books, "Mastering the Rifle" and "Mastering The Pistol," subjects on which Fisher can certainly be considered an authority.

At present, Fisher is engaged in writing still another book, this time an autobiography of his life. It promises to be chock-full of interesting experiences and anecdotes picked up in 30 years of traveling the world over in quest of new shooting honors.

Fisher thinks that the chief reason for his success with the rifle lies in the fact that he early became interested in learning the correct methods of shooting.

"The Marine Corps offers the equipment and time

necessary to develop shooting ability," he said, "but a man really has to have the desire to master the weapon before he will get anywhere. When I first started shooting I decided that as long as I had to do it, I might as well try to do it right. It wasn't long before it became second nature for me to get in the correct positions. My many years spent in coaching other shooters also helped me to learn from their mistakes. But above all it was the aim on my part to become as good as possible with the weapon. This is why I was able to spend many long hours in tedious snapping-in exercises, in preparation for the various matches. That's what it takes to make a real shooter."

It is interesting to note that the gunner neither drank nor smoked during the many years he was firing in national and international matches.

During World War II Fisher came back in the

Corps and passed on to a new generation of Marines his technique of rifle marksmanship. His only son, Bill, was commissioned a second lieutenant of Marines and later was killed on Okinawa. Fisher senior was paid off last September and is now living the pleasant life of retirement. He is no longer active in shooting matches, but is content to make a few appearances at Camp Matthews where he acts as an observer during the firing.

Accounts of Fisher's records with the rifle have been written up in a number of newspapers and sportsmen's magazines. He is mentioned in "Who's Who In Sports." But of all his honors, prizes and trophies, there is one that he values the most highly. It is a small, silver cup given to him by the Adelpia Athletic Club of Philadelphia. This is an organization that recognizes only the top men in each branch of sports.

END



The gunner and his only son, pictured at Quantico in 1930. The boy won a commission in the Corps, was killed on Okinawa



This retired veteran of 35 years Marine service now resides in California and is writing his third book, an autobiography

BULLETIN BOARD

ACTIVE DUTY RESERVISTS

MARINE Corps Reservists who have served or are now serving in a continuous active duty are benefited by the provisions of Almar 6-48 should they desire to re-enlist in the Regular Marine Corps.

This Almar modifies Letter of Instruction 1490 to the extent that for the purpose of appointment or reappointment to rank in the Marine Corps up to and including sergeant, all time served in continuous active duty status since first separated from active duty shall be deducted from the total time elapsed. Thus if a man in the rank of sergeant was inactive for two months before going on a continuous active duty status in the Reserve and is at present serving in that status, he is still eligible for reappointment to the rank of sergeant upon re-enlistment. In the same way it also applies to the elapsed time and reappointment rank scale contained in LofI 1490.

NAVY OCCUPATION AND CHINA SERVICE MEDALS

Headquarters has now authorized wearing of the new Navy Occupation and China Service ribbons by those qualified. Lists of ships and units of the Navy and Marine Corps whose personnel are entitled to the medals, have been prepared and authorization is contained in a joint letter accompanying the list.

Upon receipt of the published list, commanding officers will check the records and authorize personnel to wear the ribbon of the proper medal and clasps (Europe or Asia) by entry in the service record of enlisted men and by letter to officers.

Full lists of Marine Corps Units eligible for the medals and the qualifications are scheduled for publication in the June issue of *Leatherneck*.

OVERSEAS LEAVE

MARINES returning to the United States from overseas on leave will report directly upon arrival to the nearest Marine Corps activity to the port of entry. Leave will start from date of arrival. Two copies of the leave orders will be furnished to the commanding officer of that activity, and any requests for extension of leave must be directed to him.

This is provided for in Almar 120-47, modifying Letter of Instruction 1504, which also states that overseas commands will include in leave orders the total amount of accrued leave and advance leave that may be granted. In case of need for extension of leave, Marine commanding officers at posts of entry may grant all or part of the advance leave as the conditions warrant. Extensions will be granted by dispatch and copies furnished to the overseas command by airmail.

In addition to the foregoing, all commanding officers are authorized to grant leave as delay enroute to men in transfer, unless specifically restricted by transfer authority.

OHIO BONUS

OHIO is now accepting applications for the World War II Veterans' Compensation. All members of the Armed Forces now on active duty who were legal residents of the State of Ohio at the time they entered service and for one year prior, and who served at least 90 days between December 7th, 1941, and September 2nd, 1945, are eligible for this bonus.

All who claim residence in Ohio and who come under these qualifications, should write to Mr. C. W. Globe, Director World War II Compensation Fund, 293 East Long Street, Columbus 15, Ohio, for application blanks. All queries as to eligibility and interpretation should also be addressed to the Director.

NEW YORK BONUS

NEW York State veterans of World War II still in the Armed Forces may obtain application forms by writing to the State Bonus Bureau in Albany. Those home on leave or furlough may also obtain the blanks by visiting distribution outlets.

These distribution points include all county, city, village and town clerks in New York State; all offices of Veterans Service Agencies; local posts of veterans organizations; district offices of the State Department of Taxation and Finance in New York City, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse and Utica, and the department's central office in Albany. In the five boroughs of New York City, the forms will be available at 300 fire houses.

Veterans still in service must file both forms VB-1 and VB-3 and are asked to request both when writing to the State Bonus Bureau, 1875 North Broadway, Albany 4, New York.

DISCHARGE OF MASTER SERGEANTS

THE Marine Corps is faced with the problem of relieving the overweight of the first pay grade in the enlisted ranks. Therefore, Letter of Instruction 1525 provides for the discharge of any Master Sergeant at his own request for the Convenience of the Government, providing he signifies his intention not to re-enlist within 24 hours.

First pay graders desiring discharge under this authority must make a request in writing, and those now serving overseas must be given to understand that once they are transferred for discharge they will not be permitted to withdraw their request.

Personnel in probationary or disciplinary status; under medical treatment or sick in hospitals; or witnesses in court martial cases will not be eligible. This authority will run only to and including June 30, 1948.

Master Sergeants eligible for transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve upon expiration of present enlistment, must request in writing at least three months prior, re-enlistment, transfer to the FMCR, or retirement. If re-enlistment is requested, a board must pass upon the value of the individual to the service in the first pay grade or a lower one. If a lower grade is recommended, the individual will be given the option of re-enlisting in that grade, or transferring to the FMCR in the first pay grade.



As military musicians, Marine bandmen have earned a reputation for excellence and versatility of performance that is unequalled

FROM CONCERT TO COMBAT

by Sgt. Edward J. Evans

Leatherneck Staff Writer



During a lull in battle, bandmen laid aside their weapons and took up their instruments to revive the spirits of weary and wounded men.

"Music provided by our bands served as a sure tonic for the sorely tried fighting spirit of Marines in battle"

(General A. A. Vandegrift)

STRANGE sounds came through the deepening dusk from a group of Marines seated in a semi-circle—sounds that to the layman mean a concert is at hand. The trumpeters running scales, the clarinetists tuning and squeaking, the mocking toots of a trombone—all the sounds of a band warming up. But these bandmen were no fancy dress uniforms, nor were they on the stage of a bandstand. This was a jungle clearing on Guadalcanal and the Marines in battle-stained dungarees kept their helmets close at hand.

The bandmaster rapped for attention and raised his baton. At the downbeat, the "shipping-over" strains of "Semper Fidelis" began. A military band always draws a crowd and this was no exception. The music swung into "Over There" and in groups of three and four the men drifted in from the shadows of the palms. They were tired, dirty, and weary from the weeks of deadly jungle fighting. The only music they had heard in three months had been the Nambu song of death.

Spirits began to rise with "The Merry Widow" and "Begin the Beguine." Then, for the first time in the Solomon Islands, the United States national anthem was played.

Three days previously the men of the First Division band had unpacked their instruments for the first time in three months. They limbered up stiff fingers and nursed cracked lips. Three months of toting stretchers, supplies and ammunition in combat had not improved their musicianship.

These conditions proved to be the rule for bandmen in all the campaigns, from the Solomons to Okinawa. Blistered lips, torn fingers and bomb-deafened ears do not help a musician when it comes to his music. Under normal conditions the bandmen would have put in a full day of practice and rehearsal, followed by a few more hours of concert and dance work. But these were not normal conditions. In combat the bandmen performed efficiently in any duty assigned them. When combat needs were filled, they again took up their primary duty, that of providing music for military ceremonies, parades and entertainment for the troops.

It is in the application of their musical ability that bands are of the greatest value. They are a powerful means of stimulating and maintaining the morale of the troops, and morale in the military sense is a collective, rather than individual, firmness of mind. It is a conditioning to face the ordeal of battle.

Great military leaders of history recognized the power of music. But the manner in which the bands are employed is vastly different today. Not too many generations have passed since the regimental band played the troops into the very jaws of death. The barbaric music of the Cossack cavalry bands struck fear into the hearts of their foes. The soaring skirl of Scottish bagpipes has led the attack of the Highlanders from Waterloo to India. Fifers and drummers of the American

Revolution played the call to arms and quicksteps for the Continental Marines.

The evolution of warfare has left the military band with only the ceremonies, parades, and guard-mounts. Even so, under its present role it provides a certain spirit that would leave a great void if martial music were lacking. Men in recruit training find a difference in their step, a lift that comes when marching to the music of a band that makes them feel unified, a part of a mighty body.

Musical entertainment became an even greater need as the distances traveled and time spent on outposts and in battle areas became greater. The band was often the only entertainment the troops had. They found many different types of audiences and reactions to their music.

MORE than 2000 native Fijian Scouts sat through the greater part of a concert in the Fiji Islands one night listening respectfully to the white man's music. When the band began to jive with "One-O'clock Jump," the native soldiers clapped their hands to the rhythm. As the tempo increased, they stomped their feet. But when the drummer started his tom-tom solo, they leaped in the air and began a native war dance. It was soon hard to tell who was the more excited, the native or the Marine drummer.

Music was most needed in the period just after battle when the tension of fighting was gone and



The First Division Band had fought as infantry for three months before this photo was made



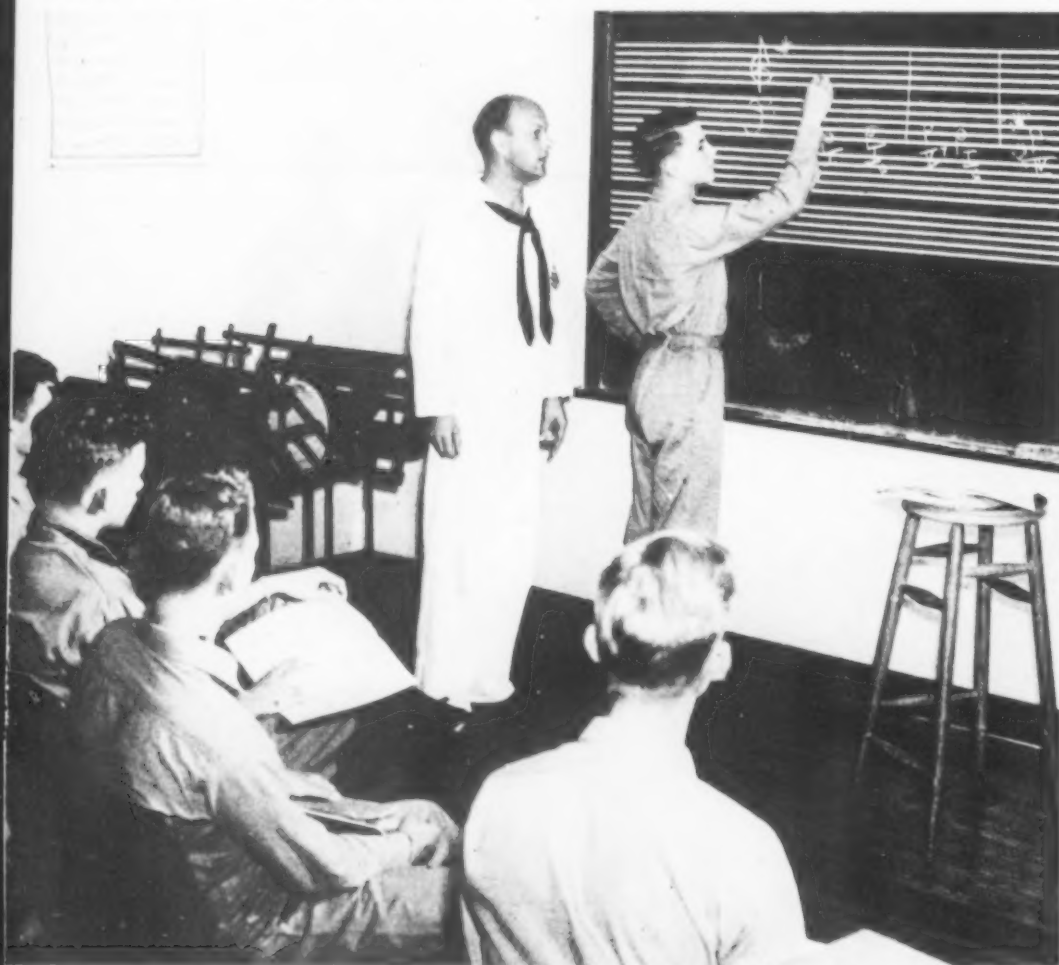
From the Solomons to Okinawa, where this photo was taken, bandmen carried stretchers under fire, saved many lives and lost their own in bringing the wounded in from the battle front



These bandmen of the Fifth Marine Division made it to Japan, the goal of all Leathernecks, and had the honor of introducing the Marines' Hymn to the Japanese on the docks of Yokosuka



A potential French-horn player is instructed on the fine technique of his instrument by a Navy chief musician. Each man at the School of Music receives private lessons and coaching



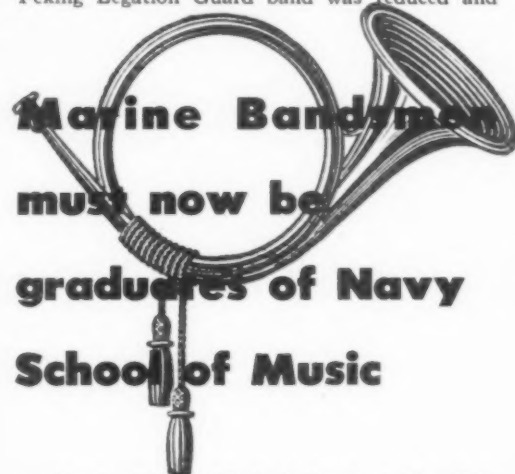
Marines attend classes in harmony and theory, to learn the why and wherefore of the music they encounter in practice and rehearsal; this also helps their sight reading

the letdown set in. Then the bands tried to reach all the scattered units and bring them entertainment. When the Marshalls had been secured, the 22nd Marines' band found this difficult. The companies were scattered on small islands. To reach them they had to go in landing craft and the sight of bandmen making a beachhead with musical instruments instead of weapons brought many laughs from the Marines on the beach.

On numerous outpost islands, the band was the only means of live entertainment, playing popular and classical music before the movies, in the mess halls, and at various recreational activities. The band became a vital part of their isolated life. That of the 6th Defense Battalion served 22 months on Midway, and in the early days of the war built up a large following among the men of the submarine fleet. It was the custom to meet the subs at the dock as they returned from battle patrols and give them some lively music. The sub skippers showed their appreciation by taking the musicians on trial cruises.

The unwritten code in the Corps that every man is a Marine first and a specialist second has been strictly adhered to with musicians. The practice of enlisting men for band duty only was discontinued in 1932 as being contrary to that policy. During the war, the Army and Navy recruited full dance bands and commissioned many of the leaders who had gained popularity in the entertainment world. The Marines got their bands the hard way.

The Marine Corps had no more than six regular bands in the pre-Pearl Harbor days. These comprised a total of 180 musicians, scattered from Parris Island to Peking. In May, 1941, the Peking Legation Guard band was reduced and



combined with the Marines' band at Shanghai. Less than a year later these bandmen had become prisoners of the Japanese.

When the Organized Reserve was called to active duty early in 1941, six more bands came with the units from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago and Washington, D.C. The Philadelphia reserve band went directly overseas to Iceland with the First Provisional Marine Brigade. These new bands swelled the number of bandmen to 336.

These musicians were used to fill the vacancies in the post bands left by men who had been taken to form the nucleus of new regimental bands. As the expansion continued in the early months of the war, it soon became evident that there were not going to be enough musicians to fill the need. Until April, 1942, there had been no provision to increase the strength of the existing bands or to form new ones. Then the situation was cleared in a letter of instruction authorizing the auditioning and transfer of all qualified musicians then in line outfits.

Immediately post bands became schools and a system of forming provisional organizations was put into effect. These bands-in-embryo were numbered. All those with even numbers were formed at San Diego, the odd at Parris Island and Quantico. The complements were to consist of 19 pieces for defense battalions, and 30 pieces for regiments.

While in the process of organization, the provisionals played all the regular assignments with post bands, and rehearsed as separate units. Bandmasters were made from available, qualified musicians in the ranks. Some of the bands were formed and shipped out in such a hurry that when they had reached their regiment or battalion, the

leader was still only a corporal or private first class, and all the musicians privates. This lack of rank led to confusion in the policy of administration and made it hard for the leader to exert full control. This was later corrected by giving bandmen as many promotions as the TO would permit before they left the band schools.

A number of the early bands had to join outfits that were already overseas, but the majority of them were attached to regiments while still at Stateside training camps. The bands got field training with the troops. If there was a full division, all its bands were combined and the senior bandmaster took command. Band activities were divided into three main categories — regular musical duties, training as stretcher bearers and working parties. Too often the last of these took up so much of the band's time that bandmen were not well prepared for performance of their musical duties when the need arose.

The old adage about the show having to go on never applied more ruggedly than to the bandmen, on or off the battlefield. Defense battalion musicians were giving out for a formal guard mount in Hawaii's Camp Catlin one day when a scattering of beautiful white clouds sent down a light drizzle to mingle with a warm sunshine. But, instead of subsiding as it usually does, the "liquid sunshine" suddenly turned into a real downpour.

No command was given to secure. Before long the bass horns were gurgling, pads were dropping out of the clarinets and drummers had abandoned their soggy drum heads and were clattering on the rims. It took three days for the stuff to dry out, while the bandmen went back to their police details.

From late in 1944 until the war reached its atomic peak in 1945, the only bandmen sent overseas were replacements. No new outfits were being formed to add to the 52 already in camps, posts and air stations throughout the States and overseas. The 53 represented 1800 men, many of them veterans of fighting from the Solomons to China.

The experiences of the Third Division band on Guam were typical of the contribution made by

bandmen throughout the war. In 27 days of fighting, 17 musicians were killed while acting as stretcher bearers.

The first three died on the afternoon of D-Day. A four-man team had carried a badly wounded infantryman back to the beach. While they waited for an amtrac to pick him up, one of the four went for a corpsman to administer plasma. Soon after he had left, the Japs opened up on the beach with a mortar barrage. Unable to get their patient to cover on the exposed beach, the three men pressed themselves into the sand beside him. They and their patient were killed by one burst.

DEMobilization brought the number of bands down to near the prewar level, but a project is under way to reorganize and improve the regular bands. Just before his assignment to duty at Parris Island, Chief Warrant Officer Howard Parrett, in the office of the band detail section, arranged for the assignment of new Marine bandmen to the Navy School of Music in Washington, D.C., for instruction and training. The school of music was established in 1935 for the standardization and improvement of bands in the fleet. The school may be likened to the British Royal Naval School of Music where fleet bandmen, all Royal Marines, receive their training.

The first group of 15 Marines began their training at the Navy School of Music on July 1st, 1946. Classes are required to take a six-month course and the quota has been increased to 28 men in each class. Marines selected to attend the school must provide proper instrumentation to form a dual-purpose military and dance band.

In the six months covered at the Navy school, the Marine musician completes the equivalent of a one year college music course. His studies include private instruction on a major and minor instrument, music history, harmony, arranging and composition. School instructors are Navy chief musicians, many of whom are graduates of the finest music academies in the country.

Every facility of the Navy School of Music is ultra-modern with a recording laboratory, record and sheet music libraries, and sound-proof practice rooms and rehearsal halls. Each student

makes a recording upon arrival, one at mid-term and another when he completes the course. These recordings provide interesting evidence of his progress. One of the most complete musical reference libraries in the profession enables the student to learn every phase of his art and about \$7000 worth of records, many of them collectors' items, demonstrate the possibilities of a music future.

All instruments are supplied by the school and such rare instruments as alto and bass flutes, fleugel horns, contra bassoons and sousaphones are available. The Marines live, work and study with Navy band students under supervision of Navy Lieutenant James Thurmond, director of the school, and a Marine band non-commissioned officer. High grades in examinations and standards of performance must be maintained or the student may find himself eliminated from band duty altogether.

Students for the school are taken from recruit depots at San Diego and Parris Island or any one of the bands in the Corps. In the near future all experienced band NCOs who desire the training will be permitted to attend the bandmasters course. These men will be given instruction in conducting and arranging for concert, military and dance band and will take a refresher course on instruments and theory of music to equip them for the position of leaders of Marine bands. There are now 500 bandmen in the Corps as members of 13 bands and the instruction unit.

Much of the old idea that musicians are prima donnas, temperamentally unfit for actual soldiering, was fostered by bandleaders unschooled in the traditions of martial music. An Army bandmaster once wrote: "The true musician is not a fighting man, you can't make him fight." The fighting and musical ability of Marines has disproved that theory.

END

Photos by Sgt. Jack Slockbower

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

AND OFFICIAL MARINE CORPS PHOTOGRAPHERS



Recording plays an important part in the course, with individual and group progress checked every few months. These records are played to

show the advancement from time of entry to graduation. As members of a band the men also learn latest broadcast and recording techniques

Flight School



After obtaining his certificate of eligibility, Master Sergeant Bill Ewing, stationed at Dago, registers for a private course



Before actually entering the plane, Ewing learns what the gauge is, and what it does. His instructor points out the gauge

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen

Leatherneck Staff Writer

YOU can still teach old devildogs new tricks, and two master sergeants from San Diego's Marine Corps Base are proving it. Bill Ewing who has 10 years in the Corps and Emil Klaviter who has 16, are both First Divvie vets who have made the rounds. They got the flying bug at about the same time. A short while later they fumbled through their seabags, came up with their last discharges and enrolled at the Gibbs Flying School. Gibbs, the largest and most popular school in the area, is out Linda Vista way, not far from the base.

Flight training is one of the most popular methods by which ex-servicemen are receiving the educational benefits entitled to them under the GI Bill of Rights. Thousands of former GIs are realizing life-long ambitions and learning to fly with the government's assistance. Although it is not generally known, men actually in the service may qualify for this schooling provided they have received discharge papers after an enlistment. Whether a man is in uniform or out, he can take advantage of this opportunity by presenting his honorable discharge to the local Veterans Administration office. Within a short time he will receive a certificate of eligibility which will enable him to get his lessons at any approved flight school he may choose. Surprisingly, many



Flying isn't restricted to males these days. Hundreds of women are sufficiently interested in aviation to take pilot courses, however, after they are licensed only a few of them continue to fly

Flying courses under the GI Bill of Rights make licenses available to men who are still in uniform and helps to keep America's private aviation in business

of the men participating in this program are the older NCOs.

Since both Ewing and Klaviter are veterans with over four years in the service, they rate the maximum amount of schooling allowed under the GI Bill. In ordinary schools this covers a four year period at a cost of \$500 per year. This is not true of flight schools because operating costs are considerably higher than they are at colleges or trade schools. Tuition fees are proportionate and the courses are accelerated.

This is how it works: It takes from nine to 11 weeks to acquire a Private Pilot License, and the cost to a civilian would be about \$400. The government estimates that in the nine to 11 weeks required for this training the veteran uses up nine months of his allotted schooling. If he is working for a commercial license, it will take about 36 weeks; this term of flight training is equivalent to about two years of college schooling. During the 36 weeks the veteran receives dual flight instruction and solo practice adding up to 160 hours, and 154 hours of ground school. If he were a cash-paying civilian it would cost him between \$1632 and \$1737.

If he chooses to take more schooling he may enroll in the flight instructors course which lasts 10 weeks. Authorities at Gibbs estimate that if he takes the maximum amount of flight training allowed it would cost a civilian, not rating GI Bill benefits, \$3,000. And that's a heap of cash even if he is drawing a master sergeant's pay.

The number-one theme which the managers of

the Gibbs School have been trying to hammer home is the fact that it doesn't take a master mind to learn flying. Anyone with an ordinary amount of common sense, backed up with the equivalent of a grammar school education, can learn every thing necessary to obtain the Private License. Nor do you have to be a first-class physical specimen. An examination is necessary, but it is relatively simple. The government just wants to be certain that your ticker won't conk out when you're 5000 feet in the air, and your plane has gone into a spin. Colorblindness is no obstacle in getting a private license.

Since the lives of passengers may depend upon the pilot's stamina and well-being, physical requirements for the commercial license are slightly more rigid. Most GI students don't go beyond the private pilot course.

When their instructors consider them qualified students at Gibbs the veterans may be soloed any time after they have received the ground instruction and flight maneuvers required by the Civilian Aeronautics Administration. Beginners spend 54 hours in ground school learning the fundamentals of CAA regulations, navigation, meteorology, and radio and airplane service. These classes are conducted three days a week and students have their choice of attending either day or night sessions.

The actual flight training is a standardized procedure. All of Gibbs' instructors have either flown in the service or have been civilian instructors with the Air Force. They drew heavily on

their service experiences in preparing the flight curriculum.

At the start of the course the student meets his instructor and together they look over the plane to be flown. The instructor points out the controls, the wheel, the stick and the other gadgets necessary to manipulate a plane. Before going up he explains the maneuver that he plans to demonstrate. While in the air he goes through the maneuver, showing the student each step; then the student executes it. After landing a discussion is held and the instructor points out the student's errors, if any, during the flight.

After the student has soloed successfully he receives a students license and has accomplished the first step in getting a private license. His next hurdle is the cross-country flight. The tyro flier is given a map and a course is prescribed which will take him outside of San Diego. Usually he goes to the vicinity of Los Angeles and back, making four landings during the trip.

On the first hop, which is two hours in length, he is accompanied by his instructor. On the second he solos and is gone for three hours. The purpose of the various landings is to accustom the beginner to making them on fields other than Gibbs. It's not an easy problem. Both Klaviter and Ewing experienced the eerie feeling of being thousands of feet in the air and not knowing just exactly where they were. That lasted only a few minutes and both made it back to Dago with no strain. They were ready to hit the sack when they returned.

Ewing remarked, "I sure found out how little I knew about flying."

The final test for the prospective birdman working for his private license is the CAA examination. Gibbs has a CAA flight examiner stationed on the field and he accompanies each student on his test flight. If he can execute certain fairly simple maneuvers, and shows a full understanding of CAA regulations he is given his license. The graduate of this course may fly any single-engined airplane anywhere. He may carry friends or family with him, provided he adheres to the contact flight rules. That means he must have a three-mile visibility and 1500 feet ceiling before taking off.

Headman at the field, and a veteran of almost

FLIGHT SCHOOL (cont.)

20 years in aviation, is William Gibbs, Jr. He started flying in 1930 when aviation was still in the adolescent stage. The cycle of movies concerning World War I flying had built up some romantic notions about aviation. Pilots were considered to be a rash, fool-hardy brand of men who risked their necks everytime they took a plane off the ground. In those days of flying circuses, barnstorming and carnival exhibitions, there was a belief that sane men seldom entered the field.

But Bill Gibbs did, and he has had a hand in it since he first soloed. Like so many pioneers in the field, he began with very little money. He bought the land for the airport in 1937, and cleared the runways by hand. His next investment was a \$250 down payment on his first plane, a 40-horsepower Cub. He worked nights in a shop in National City to obtain the expense money necessary to keep the field in operation. By 1941 he had three planes on hand and the field became his full time job.

But the war interrupted his plans and Gibbs spent the next 53 months in Tucson, Ariz., as an instructor at the Ryan School of Aeronautics, where he trained Army Air Force cadets. Later he was to find great value in this background when he organized his flight school. Almost as soon as the Japs signed the surrender papers on

America is building a huge reservoir of trained flyers

the Big Mo, Gibbs was back at his field. His school received the VA's stamp of approval in 1946 and in September of that year the first student enrolled under the GI Bill. Since then almost 500 students have received their flight training here. A number of them have been Marines both from the San Diego Base and Miramar.

Men in the service who take this government-sponsored flight training do not lose any time in case of a sudden transfer. They present their flight logs and certificates of eligibility to the registrar at a field in the vicinity of their new posts and their schooling continues from the point where it was interrupted by the transfer.

Gibbs is one of the four VA-approved schools in San Diego. Proof of the popularity of the program can be found in the fact that there are over 160 of these schools in the state of California. But flying is no longer merely a hobby; aviation has grown up, and people are making use of it in their businesses. Doctors, lawyers, farmers, and salesmen are learning to fly. They are finding that aside from the thrill of piloting their own planes, it also provides a means of increasing their profits and conserving time.

Before the war there were only between 25,000 and 30,000 licensed pilots in the entire country. Now the CAS is issuing nearly that many licenses each month. The nation is rapidly building up a huge reservoir of trained pilots who will be valuable in times of emergency. These men and women are helping to sustain a number of concerns who are already dependent on the purchases of private planes as their sole source of income. These plants would be able to convert to war production in a minimum amount of time, which might mean the difference between victory and defeat in the event of a Third World War.

END

PHOTOS BY SGT. FRANK FEW
LEATHERNECK STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Veteran Marine Emil Klaviter punches the time clock before he takes off



In ground school, the fundamentals of navigation and meteorology are taught



Ewing stands by nervously as his plane is readied for his first solo flight



After flying, Ewing signs a receipt and enters the flight in his log book



While in the air, the instructor talks to the student over a one-way system



In an informal "hangar flying" session the mistakes of the day are explained

COMBAT ARTISTS



The tanks come up again



Confab on Carbuncle Ridge

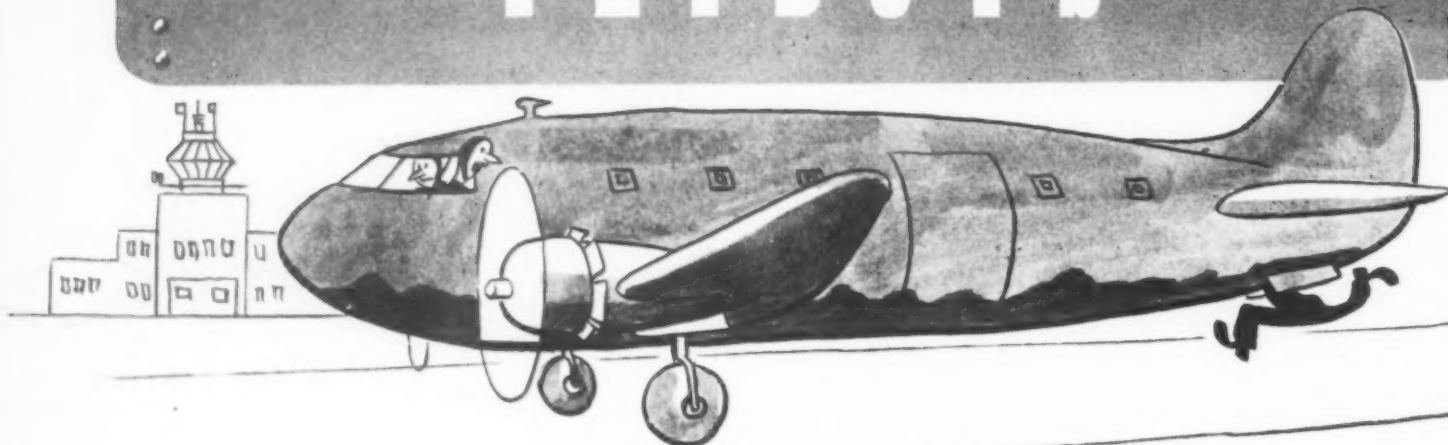
SERGEANT JOHN R. McDERMOTT, Third Amphs. Corps, hit most of the hot rocks in the Pacific from '42 to '45. Today his virile illustrations appear in *Esquire*, *True*, *Bluebook* and other top-flight magazines.



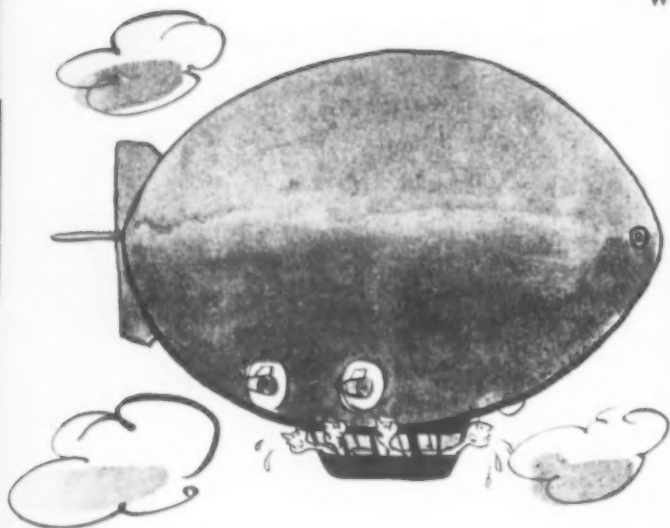
Station and water tower at Kue

This is the second group in *Leatherneck's* series of World War II paintings by Marine combat artists

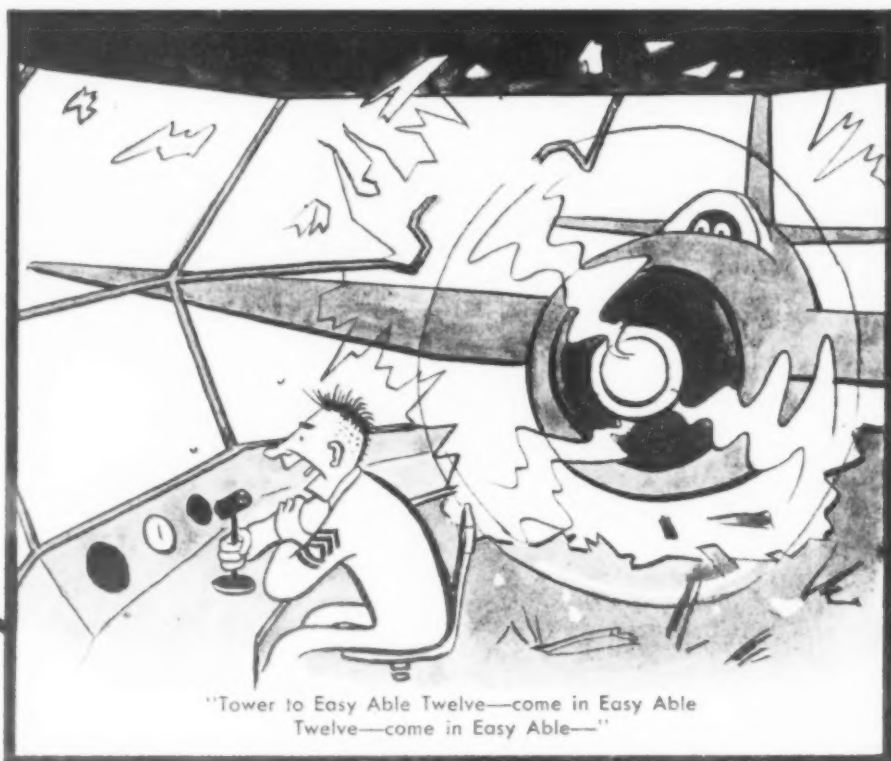
FLYBOYS



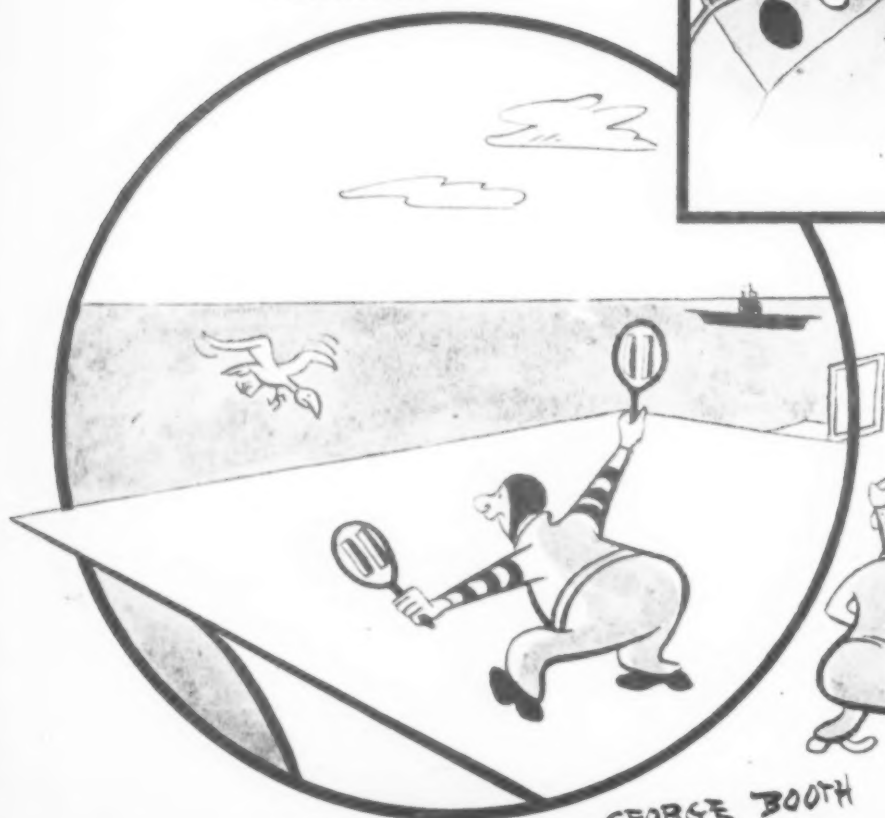
"We'll have to get the tail wheel fixed in El Toro and relieve Huxlem"



"SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS"

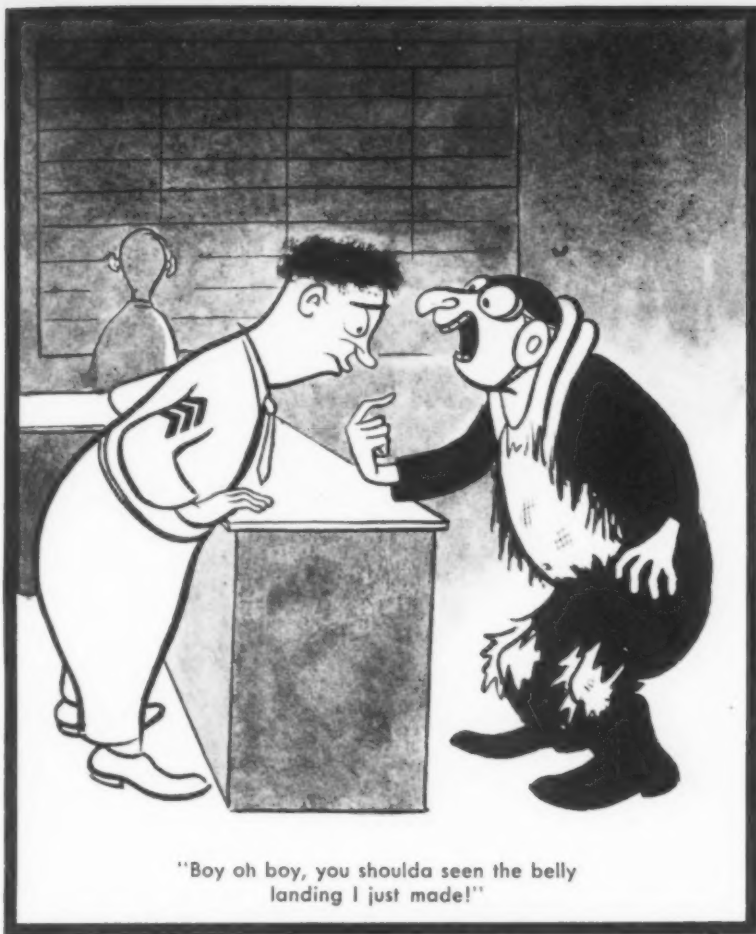


"Tower to Easy Able Twelve—come in Easy Able Twelve—come in Easy Able—"



GEORGE BOOTH

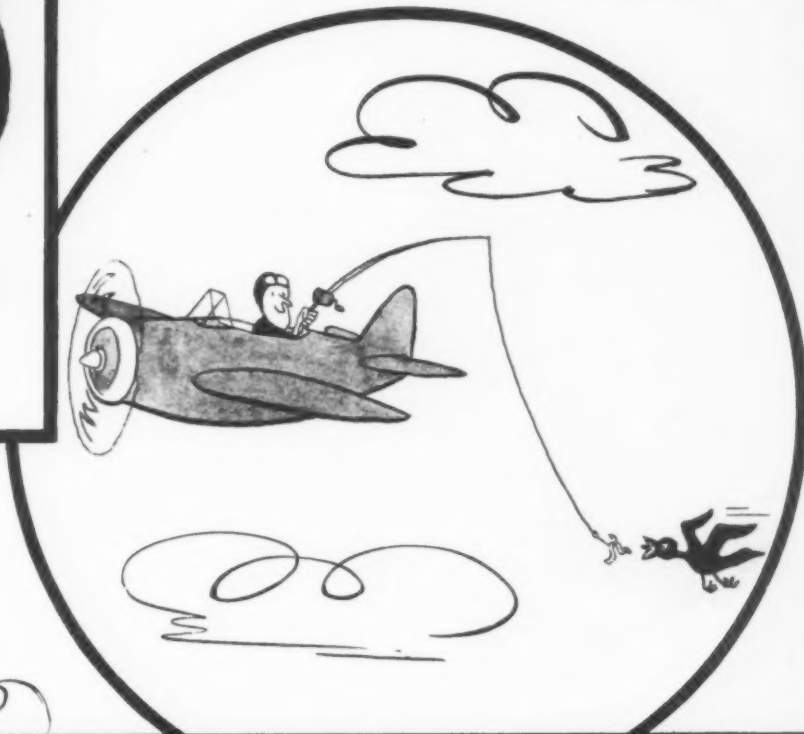
"Does seem silly, doesn't it, but the lieutenant told me to warm it up"



"Boy oh boy, you shoulda seen the belly landing I just made!"



"Let's pep it up and get this fixed—I think these guys are in a hurry"



"He's from Cherry Point Sir, and just comes and goes as he pleases"



"Are there any of you men who feel that you are ready for a solo?"



Designed to provide the Marine with low-cost recreation,
workshops are springing up at bases throughout the Corps

PROGRAM FOR HOBBYISTS

by PFC Michael Gould

Leatherneck Staff Writer

A LONG, rangy Marine in dungarees sat on a work-table holding a miniature aluminum racing car. He watched his buddy move a cutting tool across a steel cylinder mounted on a huge lathe. A few seconds later he snapped a switch and the lathe hummed to a stop. He removed the bit of metal and held it up for inspection. Then they added the part to the miniature car's transmission assembly and primed the diminutive $\frac{1}{8}$ horsepower engine. It roared to life, spouting a stream of heavy smoke.

The builders of the model racing car were enjoying an avocation provided by the Corps' hobbycraft program, established to aid Marines in solving their off-duty recreation problems.

Before this program was inaugurated, off-duty Marines often had to choose between a liberty spent in sipping green beer at a local civilian sloopchute, or the risk of seeing an old movie at the station theater. This liberty situation existed at many Marine Corps stations far from large cities after the majority of the Corps' wartime personnel had been discharged. Hostilities had ended and the men still in service were no longer of much interest to the civilian world. Entertainment groups, which had provided stage shows and dances for the armed forces, began to disappear.

A new Marine Corps was forming. Its well-being depended upon the morale of its men and something had to be done to replace the missing amusements. The United Service Organization's activities had dwindled to a few, infrequent roadshows and these were concentrating on hospital performances. There were thousands of new men who were helping to rebuild the Corps and they had to have entertainment to occupy their off-duty hours. The Corps was beginning to feel the urgency of the problem.

On particularly isolated posts, such as the Second MAF's Cherry Point in North Carolina, the Second Division's Camp LeJeune and Parris Island, the situation was more acute than it was on stations near large cities. In these remote portions of the country the small surrounding town or "wide spot in the road" has little to offer the peacetime liberty-hungry Marine. Usually one or two theaters, perhaps a beach for summer swimming, and a few small taverns provide the total amusement. Even if pastimes were of a better type, the situation still would be unsatisfactory because of the irritable attitude some townspeople have toward "liberty invasions." Various discussions gave life to the idea that the Marine Corps could give the men superior recreation on its own posts.

To satisfy this need, in May of 1946 the Commandant issued an outline of an extensive hobbycraft program which was to serve all Marines on shore stations, Marine and Naval, Stateside or overseas. The program, designed to suit any installation possessing a strength of 100 or more, lists a total of 35 different avocations. The catalogue of hobbies covers those which are most popular, and the agenda reads from metal machining to the uncommon art of lapidary, the cutting and polishing of stones and shells.

When the U. S. Navy inaugurated its own program with the use of more than two and a half million dollars worth of surplus machinery, it gave the Marine Corps its biggest boost in hobbycraft. The equipment obtained for new shops and the enlargement of old ones enabled the Corps to aid individual station Special Services departments to a great extent. Of the huge allotment, the Marine Corps has received and distributed tools and machines valued at approximately half a million dollars.

A large variety of machines was available at no cost to any interested post. Probably the largest of these were the gigantic Pratt-Whitney metal lathes. All the necessary accessories, and all of the power tools used with the lathes in metal work were included with each of the more than 314 items delivered through the program.

Although enough heavy machinery has been delivered to fill the requirements of several small commercial machine shops, the equipment is not restricted to metal working. Metal construction and leathercraft are the preferences of many Marine craftsmen. Woodworking power tools are provided for the modeler and every conceivable kind of leather-working outfit is available for the use of the saddle-maker or the braider. Ceramics,



Stretching the complicated maze of strings across the handloom, PFC Arthur Durocher prepares to weave a decorative piece of cloth. This is a method which originated thousands of years ago.



PFC Frank Wood, an eight-year veteran of leathercraft, tosses off a wallet in a matter of hours. Leathercraft is probably the most popular of all 35 hobbies offered by the program.



Two model aircraft enthusiasts, PFCs Terry Clark and Robert McCleary, discuss the merits of one miniature gasoline engine over another in MCAS, Cherry Point's barracks-large hobbyshop.

PROGRAM FOR HOBBYISTS (cont.)

always an attraction for the novice, with its glazing ovens and potters' wheels, is included in the catalogue of hobbies. So are fly-tying and art-metal. All of the graphic arts were considered when the requirements were filled. Oils, water colors, charcoal and silk-screen process equipment are stocked for Marine artists. And for all of the diversified hobbies there are manuals of instruction containing the latest word on each subject.

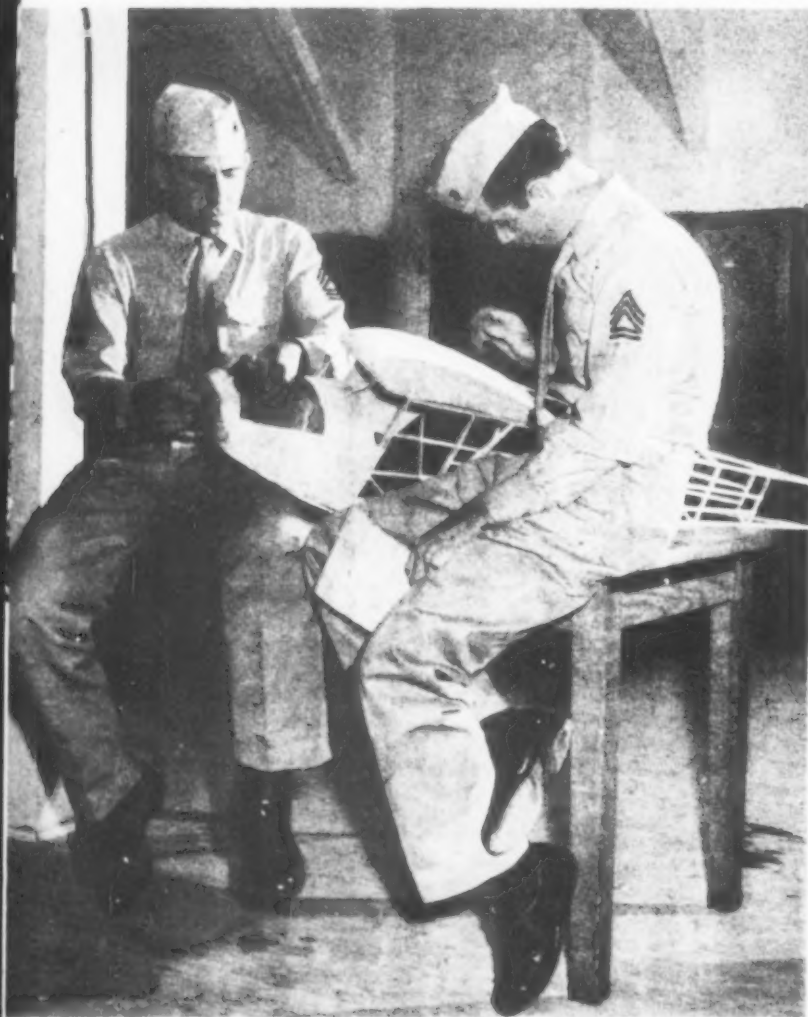
Throughout the Corps hobbycraft has caught on, and shops are either springing into being or are already in full operation. At posts where sailors predominate, the hobby shops operated by the Navy are open to Marines.

An allocation chart, designed by Headquarters Special Services, shows the exact amount of floor space each hobby needs. Because space allowances are dependent upon the size of the groups participating, the number of men aboard the individual post determines the type and bulk of the shop. Posts with from 7000 to 10,000 personnel fall into the AA, or top class with the advantage of the greatest facilities. These, and the class A stations (4500 to 6000), have the largest shops, and are able to provide most of the 35 listed crafts. The B to G classes are proportionately smaller, with fewer hobbies. Schedules are revised when there is a high demand for certain crafts, and other crafts are dropped in favor of those desired.

The Marine Corps Air Station at Cherry Point N. C. had its first hobby shop long before the Corps' program went into full swing. The recreation department of the Air Station's Special Services supported the struggling little shop, then situated in a tiny wing of the Women's Reserve squadron recreation hall. Prior to the Commandant's letter of instruction, most of it had been devoted to model aircraft building, due to that hobby's slight requirements in expensive tools. Although it lacked the grand facilities which the new shop enjoys, the old one was



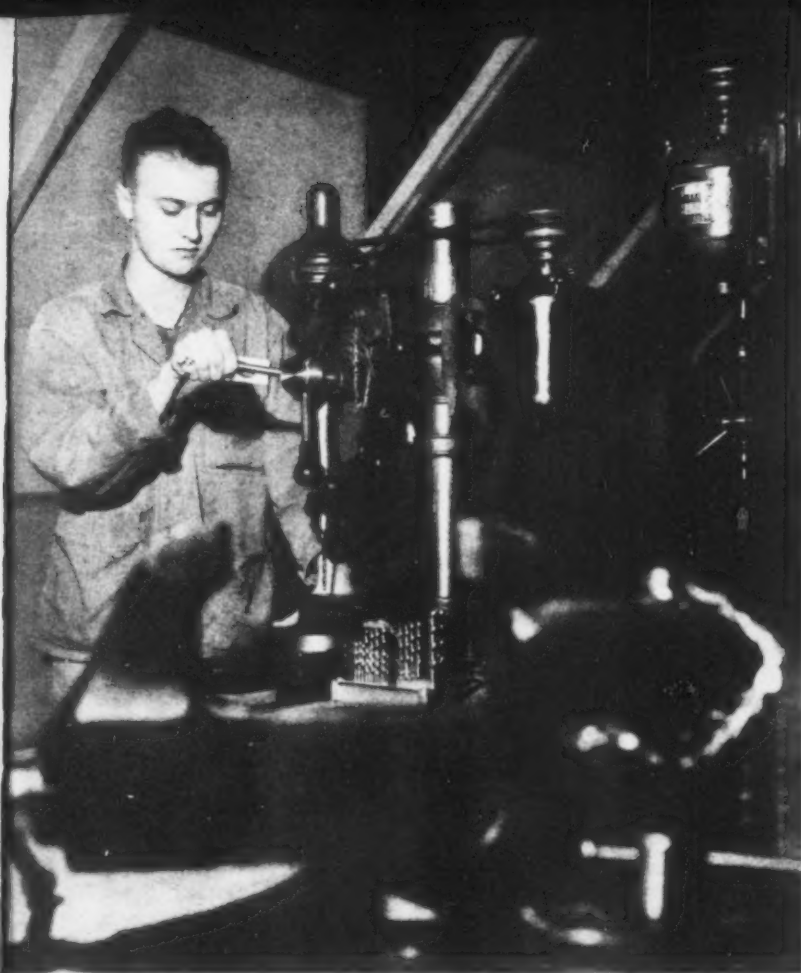
Without the program, expensive, heavy machinery, such as this turret lathe, would be denied the average Marine. These precision machines make almost any type of metal project possible.



MT Sgt. Leonard Cooley and Tech. Sgt. John Capozzoli install a $\frac{1}{8}$ horsepower engine in their true-to-scale Taylorcraft



Model racers made in the shops are run on a circular course around a center post to which they are tethered by thin wire



A staff member of Cherry Point's huge shop, PFC E. W. Falerios checks over the new machinery before hobbyists put it to use



In addition to repairing shoes, this shoemaker's machine is used by leathercrafters to finish their hand-made products

A hobby has often been the beginning of a new career

quite popular and held a devoted group of model enthusiasts. The need for larger quarters and hundreds of pieces of gear, unobtainable because of the scarcity of steel and the great cost involved, prevented expansion of the shop at that time.

With the announcement of the availability of no-cost machinery and loans from Headquarters Special Services for the purchase of working materials, Cherry Point's Special Services, led by Lieutenant Colonel John T. L. D. Gabbert, sprang into action. Immediate plans were devised for the rapid expansion of the shop. The little equipment then owned by the Recreation Department was transferred to a vacated Women's Reserve barracks, with the intention of occupying one wing and the adjacent NCO rooms.

Later the entire barracks was converted into a workshop. When the approved floor plans arrived from Washington, organization began. One wing was established as the model train, aircraft, ship and automobile shop. Another was destined to become the metal working wing, containing lathes, drill presses, grinders and mills. Every corner of the structure was utilized.

It became apparent that the shop's success would depend upon the ability of its store to provide a sufficient supply of necessary working materials. Every craft had to be represented. Leather, plastics, steel and a multitude of other products were bought in order that no Marine hobbyist would be disappointed in his work. Supplies were to be sold on a strict cost plus 10 per cent basis, allowing enough profit to make the workshop almost self-supporting.

A civilian supervisor, Mr. Arnold Bordon, was engaged to manage the hobbycraft building for Special Services. Mr. Bordon, a major in the Marine Corps Reserve, plunged into his task with much enthusiasm. Several important problems confronted the shop's organization, in addition to the normal growing pains, and it was Mr. Bordon's job to smooth out the difficulties.

The most irritating problem arose because the

barracks, a temporary structure, was built of materials which prevented the use of inflammables within. Therefore, since model engines had to be tested, a foundry established, and volatile liquids stored, a separate building was the only solution. Temporarily, plans for a new building have been shelved, but in time it may be possible to build a fire-proof annex. Meanwhile, a small shed, yards away from the barracks houses the highly combustible liquids.

Although some of the heavy machinery had not been wired for operation, the new hobbycraft shop opened on May 1, 1947, to welcome the rushing business of over 295 men who had registered in the first 10-day period. The men began designs and work on their individual projects, and in a short while finished products rewarded the Recreation Department's previous efforts.

THE natural urge to make something with one's own hands, is being satisfied in many of the men by the art of leathercraft, which is reported to be the most popular of all hobbies on posts. Belts, billfolds, brief cases, purses and other useful and appealing items are being turned out with comparatively small investments in time and labor.

Model aircraft building ranks high on the popularity list of the shops. Construction of the aircraft, testing of the tiny gasoline engines and jet powerplants, then flying the result of many month's work, and the inevitable bull sessions about airplanes, make the hobby attractive.

Photography and the other graphic arts are important features in many of the shops. On every Marine station there are men who have talents which can be developed through art as an avocation. The shops offer these men the opportunity to explore the graphic arts with many available aids. Supervisors, materials and a quiet place in which to work are provided at practically no cost to the Marine.

Metal machining, usually far beyond the limits of the average hobbyist's purse, is drawing new enthusiasts through this program. New parts for automobile engines, homemade mechanical devices and tools are being turned out by men who might never have been able to afford the necessary machinery.

Officers of the Special Services Branch, Personnel Department, Headquarters Marine Corps, who are charged with the overall development of the Marine Corps hobby shop program, have expressed the belief that considerable benefit may be derived from the craft training received by Marines participating in hobbies. The skills and abilities developed by these Marines in using the wide variety of tools and machinery to be found in hobby shop facilities will add greatly to each man's military efficiency and provide some with new earning power when they become civilian Marines.

Aside from the value of craft training given through this program, it is expected that hobby shops will become one of the most popular forms of recreation offered by Marine Corps Special Services departments everywhere.

Lieutenant Clifford McCollam, Hobby Shop Development Officer, at Headquarters Marine Corps, summed up the aims of the program when he said, "We believe that Marines are potential hobbyists. By making available attractive and well equipped shops it can be expected that the majority of men will eventually find one or more crafts in which they can become keenly interested."

"All hobbycraft work offers recreation and relaxation through personal participation. The finished products, whether they are made of leather, wood, metal, plastic, or clay, represent personal accomplishment to the craftsman, and there is a true satisfaction achieved by him. A smoothly operating hobby shop is an excellent facility for the fulfillment of any Special Services program."

END



WE-THE MARINES

Edited by PFC Michael Gould

Seattle recruiters used their mascot on the last day of their March of Dimes drive and collected \$2,118 for the polio fund

GI Bill

A former Marine sergeant, William D. Bristow of Los Angeles, Calif., is a strong believer in the benefits received from military life, no matter how short the time served may have been. Recently he took a stand in the matter and lashed out at the current crop of high school graduates for their class-room attitude while attending college.

"High school graduates who have not received any military training show a total lack of responsibility and respect for teachers or any form of authority," ex-Sgt. Bristow said in a letter published on the editorial page of the Los Angeles Times.

"As a four-year veteran of the USMC, I would like to see our youths receive the benefits of universal military training.

"You have but to look at the classrooms of the nation's colleges to see the maturity that has resulted from service discipline," he wrote. "Let's take our youths as they leave high school and give them two years of training. Part of it should be modeled after the CCC outdoor construction work.

"The latter period could be under Army field conditions, problems in tactics to acquaint this citizen Army with basic military methods.

"As a result of this two-year interlude between high school and college or business, the youths would find themselves better equipped physically and mentally for life-long tasks."

A la Horace Greeley

The California State Chamber of Commerce once again has out-done itself.

Throughout the war the West Coast was a place of training and point of embarkation and debarkation for thousands of Marines. The majority of them would never have seen the West Coast if the war had not changed their plans. Today we learn that for many of them it meant a change of address as well.

According to a recent report by the Veterans Administration, one out of every 10 veterans in

the West Coast states—many of whom came to fight or train and stayed to live—have received GI loans for homes and businesses. The average for any one of the three West Coast states is double that for states in any other part of the country. Out of the VA's 875,870 grants for the country as a whole, Oregon, Washington, and California, have copped 124,000 of them.

New Vaccine

Quantico Marines and Fort Belvoir soldiers were test subjects this last winter in an Army-Navy influenza study.

Because Quantico and Fort Belvoir are so close, the two services decided to employ the personnel of the bases in an attempt to appraise the value of a new vaccine.

The vaccine has been given to all of the Army's 900,000 troops stationed throughout the world. But the Navy did not adopt a policy of universal vaccination because of a temporary disability incurred by the vaccine in about three per cent of those inoculated. At present, the Navy will watch the results of further experiments, taking action later if it is warranted.

Asked what the Navy and Marine Corps would do about the vaccine in case of a flu epidemic, Captain Burton, Chief of Preventive Medicine for the Navy, said:

"It would depend upon what strain of virus was identified as the cause. If it were one against which we had reason to believe the vaccine was effective—and if the outbreak were knocking us out—we might then consider using the vaccine."

Nameless Shoes

A shoe shine almost had a whole battalion of men in hot water at Headquarters Marine Corps.

Marines, long noted for spit and polish, spend a lot of time with their gear. Occasionally some

sharp operator manages to achieve such a high degree of polish that it knocks the old man's eye out

That's what happened during a routine inspection of quarters.

The colonel saw nothing but the shoes. They sparkled. They shone. Bending over, he could see his face in them. Naturally he wished to commend the man who had done such a fine piece of work. He picked up the shoes but there was no name in them. He examined other shoes. No names!

When the roof settled back and the windows



stopped shaking, over 200 men were slated for office hours.

Moral: It is better to be an eightball than to be anonymous.

Chow Hound

The sure way to a man's heart is through his stomach. It is also a sure way to his head, especially if the stomach is empty.

Joe M. Bently, Livingston, Mont., is a regular guy. He likes his sleep and he likes his chow, but mostly he likes chow. Of all the scars that war left on Joe—and he has his share of them—the deepest one was in his memory. What he remembers most clearly were those hungry days he spent in prison after his capture by the Japanese when Wake Island fell. Bently vowed then and there that if he ever got out of prison alive he would never go hungry again.

Recently Joe applied for his GI loan and opened his own place of business—a first class restaurant

Over The Hump

Remember that salt water soap that did such a good job of taking off dirt and leaving a lovely coat of slime? Pacific Marines said it was good for—well—good for a number of things, but they never realized that the much maligned detergent is good for the delousing of flea-bitten camels.

The War Assets Administration, caught with 53,000 pounds of the stubborn (non-washing) soap, happily sold I. Del Bourgo the complete lot. Mr. Del Bourgo, agent for a Casablanca firm, cleaned out the WAA's stock at six cents a pound, and rededicated the soap to the lathering (?) of vermin-ridden ships-of-the-desert.

The camels refused to comment.

The New Look

The Air Force recently came riding in on our slipstream. They now have a barracks hat exactly like the new Marine Corps issue with the exception of the coloring on the brim. Theirs is brown.

According to a recent Air Force photo, three fly-boys were modeling their "new" caps, without the cover. The picture caption assured the Corps that they were not angels with halos.

Apparently, that cute saying: "Well sit on my hat and call me a pilot," will have to be discarded.

Shanghai Permits

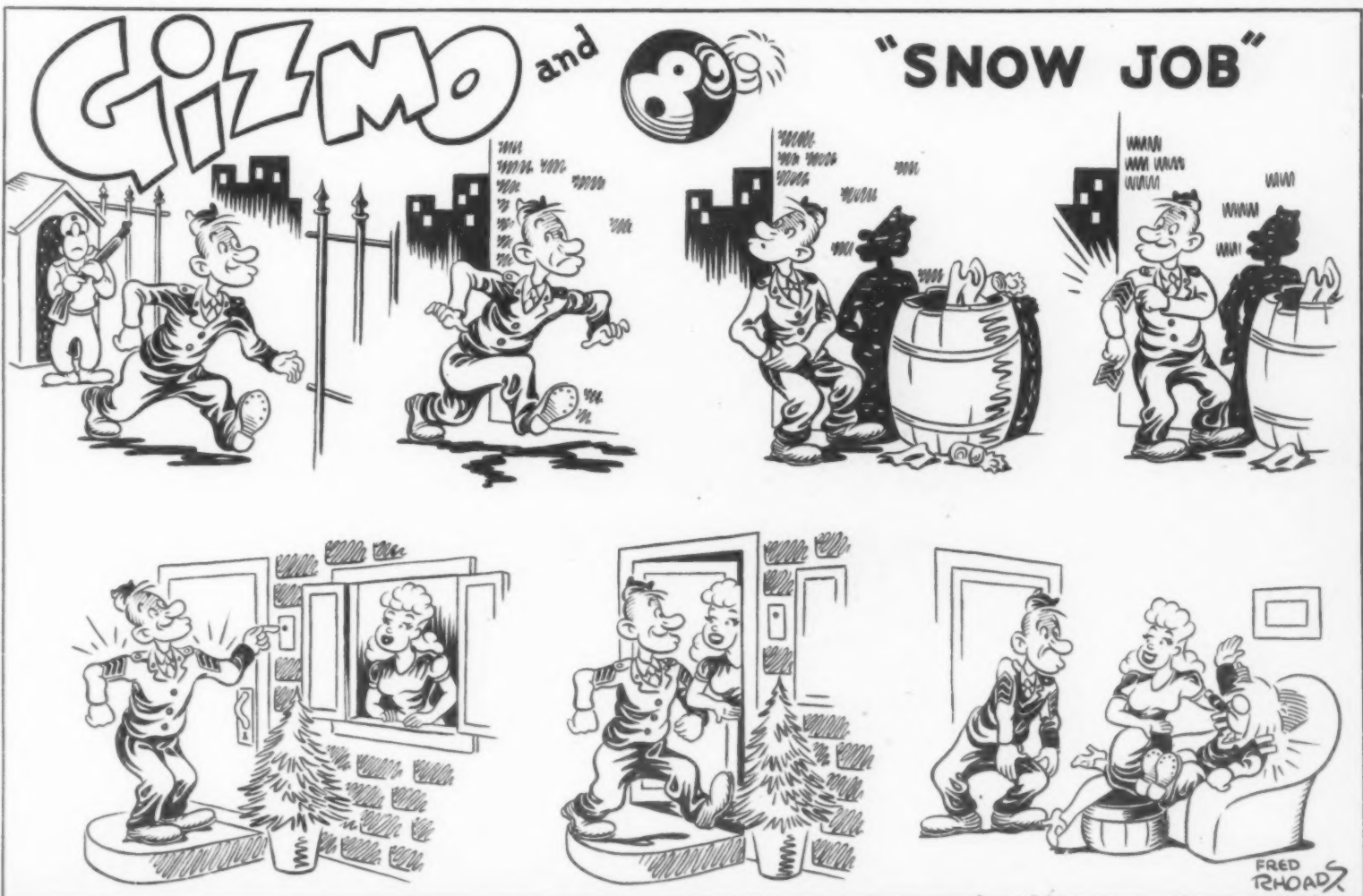
Marine applicants for a driver's license in Shanghai would not be the least impressed by Washington's bureaus, which are known as "tape factories" to government workers.

In order to get a permit to operate a motor vehicle in Shanghai, the applicant must submit 14 photographs of himself and a detailed, three-page questionnaire must be filled out.

Apparently the Chinese officials don't care how many pedestrians are mowed down as long as they have their life history, for no driving test is required.



A tank pushes inland after hitting the beach during operations on Vieques Island, off the coast of Puerto Rico. Over 16,000 men took part in the recent Armed Forces Caribbean maneuvers



SIXTH DIVVY HISTORY

"The History of the Sixth Marine Division," a book recounting the story of the Sixth Division in World War II, has recently gone to press and should be ready for distribution in the very near future.

This book is a story of the division throughout its eventful history, supplemented by maps, illustrations and photographs in black and white and in full color. The publication is intended for gratuitous issue to all former members of the Sixth Marine Division.

Sometime ago postcards were mailed to all former members of the division asking that they confirm the address on file with the Sixth Marine Division History Association. About 16,000 members answered this card and will receive their books as soon as they are printed. However, some 10,000 cards are unanswered and books will not be mailed to these men whose address is presumed to have changed.

Former members of the Sixth Division who have not answered their cards, or who are entitled to the book and did not receive a card, are asked to write to The Sixth Marine Division History Fund, 1115 17th Street, NW, Washington, D. C., giving their former unit and present address. The book will then be mailed to them.

Wanted—Shoulder Patches

The shoulder patches which became obsolete last January are being reclaimed for a new job. The colorful designs which designated Marine

fighting units are being awarded for good deportment to the youthful patients of the Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle, Washington.

In January, 1500 patches were taken to the hospital by Captain Donald V. Anderson, Staff Sergeants Jim Frye and Richard Henchel, and Sergeant "King Alfonza," their bulldog mascot, of the Seattle District Headquarters Recruiting Service. The patches were donated by Marine groups in the local area, former Marines, and several uniform concerns.

Only boy patients will be awarded the insignias. The girls receive hair-ribbons for good conduct. In order to earn these "merit badges," the boys must work hard, be obedient, and have good behavior records.

The wide publicity given the Marines' gift to the children attracted the attention of people throughout the United States and shoulder patches have been received from all parts of the country.

These otherwise useless patches are adding to the happiness of the young patients. Thousands of the insignias now gathering dust in attics and closets will find proud new owners if they are mailed to Staff Sergeant Jim Frye, Public Information, DHRS, Room 205 1016½ Second Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington.

The Old Way

Visitors to the *North China Marine* newspaper's printing plant in Tsingtao can see printing done as it was in the day of the father of typography, John Gutenberg, in 1455.

A shortage of linotype machines is responsible—in fact, there are none in Tsingtao. So, all of the type is set by the *North China Marine's* three Chinese compositors. Each letter printed is set in exactly the same way that Gutenberg set up his famous bible. Along with this tedious confusion is the language problem—none of the compositors speak English.

A new linotype machine, the gadget to make life almost bearable for the *North China Marine* editors, would cost 30,000 dollars gold in China.

But don't curse fate for being completely cruel to them. The NCM is located just beneath George and Rudy's Wine Shop.

FOURTH DIVISION REUNION

THE first post-war reunion of the Fourth Marine Division will be held in Kansas City, Missouri on June 4th and 5th.

All former members of the Fightin' Fourth are urged to be on deck. Among the notables attending will be General C. B. Cates, former division commander and present Commandant of the Marine Corps, and Major General Franklin A. Hart.

Kansas City has the welcome mat dusted off for a big celebration. Program arrangements for the two-day reunion include the Marine band and the drum and bugle corps from Quantico.

Drop a note to the Fourth Division Association Headquarters, Quantico, Va. for hotel reservations. (With your request for reservations also enclose \$5.00 for the banquet ticket.)

Your old buddies of the Fourth will be looking for you in Kansas City on the 4th and 5th of June. **END**

The children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle, Washington, recently received a gift of thousands of Marine shoulder patches, now obsolete

in the Corps. S/Sgt. Jim Frye, of the local recruiting office, explains the designs to some of the youngsters and members of the hospital staff



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YOUR TASTE is the only testimonial Old Gold gives a hoot about!

Movie stars are wonderful people.
But so are you.

Old Gold's chief interest is in pleasing *your*
sense of taste—nobody else's.

And your taste is almost certain to endorse
Old Gold's rich, mellow, gloriously satisfying
flavor.

Why? Because we select only the finest
tobacco. Because we blend it with all the skill
gained from nearly 200 years' experience with
quality leaf. Because we concentrate our
every effort on a solitary objective:

*To give you the absolute tops in deep-down
smoking enjoyment.*

Maybe you've never tried Old Gold. If
"brand fixation" is responsible, shake loose
just once. Ask for Old Golds *today!*



For a
TREAT
instead of a TREATMENT
... try an **Old Gold**

TRAVEL



With the **U.S. MARINES**

Sound Off

Edited by Sgt. Harry Polete

CHANGED HIS MIND

Sirs:

As a former Marine, I am naturally reluctant to cast any aspersions on your excellent magazine, *The Leatherneck*, but as a member of the United States Army and Air Force Recruiting Service, I feel it my duty to inform you that your article "Supersalesman" in the November issue contained a glaring mistake. The former Marine Corporal pictured with Staff Sergeant Rhodes on page 3 did not re-enter the Marine Corps.

Matthew L. Suddath was enlisted in the Regular Army on 26 June, 1947, for assignment to the 11th Airborne Division in Japan.

Best of luck to all my former cobbles in the Corps.

Sgt. E. C. Noden
Washington, D. C.

● Suddath just changed his mind.—Ed.

WANTS A REUNION

Sirs:

Having served as Catholic Chaplain to Third Marines, I still enjoy reading the *Leatherneck*. I always look over the column of letters from parents asking about their sons who were killed, thinking I may be of occasional assistance.

Why doesn't the *Leatherneck* drum up some reunions—say of the Third Marines? It would be swell seeing some of the old bunch. Perhaps this is beyond the scope of your publication, but maybe a little suggestion would help.

Father George Kempher
Wrothington, Ohio.

● *Leatherneck* cannot assume the responsibility of instigating such plans, but will endeavor to carry notices of any reunions sent to *Sound Off* in the form of a letter.—Ed.

REUNION



FOURTH DEFENSE BOOK

Sirs:

I really have no beef to sound off about, but am wondering if you, or any of the readers could give me a little information concerning a book that was being prepared by the Fourth Defense Battalion just before I left it to return to the States in 1944. As I understand it this book contained group photographs of all the fellows and a history of the outfit. I would appreciate it very much if you have any information on this subject.

James Farrell
Palmyra, N. Y.

● Headquarters, Marine Corps has no information concerning this book.—Ed.

NORTH CHINA PICTORIAL

Sirs:

It has come to the attention of this office that *Leatherneck* has received inquiries as to the availability of the *North China Pictorial*. This activity has available for interested persons approximately four thousand (4000) copies of this magazine. The only cost will be the four cents postage required to mail it any place in the United States.

Requests for the magazine should be addressed to:

"The Post Special Services Officer,
Headquarters, Marine Barracks, MT&RC, SDA,
Camp Joseph H. Pendleton,
Oceanside, Calif."

G. B. Bell
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

● This letter is published in reply to a number of inquiries from Marines who failed to get their copy of the *North China Pictorial*, a picture magazine published by Third Amphibious Corps Marines on duty in that section of the Orient.—Ed.



MAUI, NOT HAWAII

Sirs:

I am writing about a reply you gave L. Ashburn about where K Company, Twenty-third Regiment, Fourth Division, was during the Iwo Jima operation. You replied that they were in Hawaii at the time. That was an untrue statement for I was in the hospital on Guam with five men from K Company who were wounded on Iwo. Also the rear echelon of the division was on Maui, not Hawaii.

Joel H. Schmidt
Bloomington, Ind.

● We interpreted Lawrence Ashburn's letter to be asking for information about the rear echelon, including that from K Company, 23rd Marines, of the Fourth Division. When we replied we said "on" Hawaii, not "in" Hawaii, meaning the Hawaiian Islands, not the island of Hawaii. Specifically, you are correct in that they were on Maui, Hawaiian Islands.

(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)

SINCE 1918

A. M. BOLOGNESE
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EARN COLLEGE CREDIT

THE SERGEANT TELLS THE COLONEL

YES, Colonel, I feel kind of proud to get this high school diploma. Sure, it took a lot of study, but the time rolls by pretty fast. It wasn't too long ago that I made up my mind to get on the ball. You see, when I came in the Marine Corps I thought 2½ years of high school was plenty. I learned different—the hard way! I missed a couple of good breaks because I wasn't a high school graduate; and another thing, I used to feel, well—maybe a little awkward or even a little self-conscious when people would ask: When did you graduate from high school?

I guess the MCI diploma tells the rest of the story. I just set aside Monday night as study night and then when I got in the swing of it, I put in another night or two on the books. I wasn't doing anything but shooting the breeze around the barracks anyway. It wasn't easy at first because I had been away from school for a few years, but it sure comes back fast once you get going.

You know something, Colonel? I kind of go for this stuff now that I've given it a try. I figure I might just as well keep on going so I'm taking some MCI college courses now. No, sir, I don't plan on being a "buck" sergeant forever!

FROM (RANK) (FIRST NAME) (LAST NAME) (SERIAL NO.)

(ORGANIZATION) (U.S.M.C. ADDRESS)

PLEASE ENROLL ME IN NAME OF COURSE SEND M.C.I. HANDBOOK

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PS INSTITUTE

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT

Sirs:

In 1917 there came to the island of Guam, from Mare Island, a Marine named Private Larsen. Of all the Marines I have seen in my time in the service, this one was the best in every branch of the Corps. He was a former sheep herder from the state of Montana, and proud of it, too. Everything he did was wrong. The patience of the sergeants and corporals, and everyone else above him, was sorely tried, and many a gray hair is attributed to him.

When it was time to go to the rifle range at Asan, near Piti, Captain E. Talbert said good luck to all men going to the range with Larsen. The coaches nearly went nuts trying to instruct him in the proper methods of holding and firing his rifle. But all of their pleading was in vain. Captain Hingle and Gunny Plie were almost crazy and a dozen men almost got killed in the two weeks of practice firing. The coaches swore they were going to start swimming back to the States if Larsen wasn't transferred.

The reason for all of their distress was the fact that Larsen wanted to fire his rifle from the hip. He told them he was the champion "hip-shot shooter" in Montana, and if they would let him fire his rifle that way on the range he would prove it. After a meeting of all coaches and the range officer, it was finally decided to let him fire from the hip.

Sand bags were carried out on the firing line to protect the coaches and the men who were watching the exhibition. He was called to the range and told that his request had been granted.

"Now you'll see some real shooting," he said to his audience.

He had a Chamarro cigar in his mouth and his campaign hat turned up, revealing a big smile. The target came up on the 200-yard range and he began to fire, his rifle resting snugly against his hip.

Each time the target came up it was marked with a bull's eye. In rapid fire the target still showed hits in the five ring.

"See, I told you so," he said to the astonished onlookers.

At the 300, 500 and finally the 600 yard ranges, it was still the same, all bull's eyes.

"Did you ever see a better shot than me?" he asked Captain Hingle and Gunny Plie.

They admitted that they hadn't.

Then came the last shot on slow fire, and with it a red flag denoting a miss. All hell broke loose. Larsen swore someone was asleep in the butts and began to swear, calling the target pullers everything but a dutch uncle.

"I demand a recount," he fumed.

A conference was held and it was decided to let him take another shot. Again he fired, and the target went down, staying there for a long time. When it was run up a bull's eye was marked on the target. Larsen threw his rifle into the air and went over to Captain Hingle and said:

"There's a record the Marine Corps can be proud of."

When they returned to the barracks at Sumay, heads went together and it was decided to

give him a nice medal. They made a medal, a large one, and on it they inscribed "The Champion Hip Shot Shooter of the U. S. Marine Corps." It was presented to him at the Saturday morning inspection. Afterwards he asked for liberty in order to go to Agana and show his medal to the 40th Company.

I was the governor's orderly at the time and happened to watch as Colonel G. Bishop stopped Larsen. The latter had his medal on, his hat turned up and the old Chamarro cigar in his mouth. He told Col. Bishop how he had won the medal and that he was the best shot in the Marine Corps, the best they had ever had. The colonel brought him over to Governor Gilmore's quarters where I asked the governor to come out and see the new champion of the Marine Corps.

Larsen was the talk of all Marines and I don't believe I have seen or heard of, in the last 30 years, a better shot than him.

These last few lines are for all the Marines still living who were in Guam from 1917 to 1920. "Do you remember Pvt. Larsen, and can anyone in the Marine Corps bring forth a better shot than Private Swede Larsen?" If you can I would like to hear about it. Best wishes to the old gang.

SSgt. F. S. Baugh, 78668
Camp Lejeune, N. C.



EXPIRATION NOTICE!

Sirs:

Will I be given notice of my subscription expiration? I have a six year subscription.

J. B. Hayes
Morgan City, La.

● Yes.—Ed.

OLD TIMER'S GRIPE

Sirs:

May I, a one-time Marine, 1922-25, 1925-29, be permitted to Sound Off?

The Marine Corps was honored on 1 January of this year with a new and very able Commandant, Major General Clifton B. Bates. When I received my January issue of the magazine I searched in vain for pictures, a story, anything at all about it. What's the matter; wasn't it important enough to crowd out some of that other stuff the magazine has crowded between its covers?

I have a sentimental reason for this gripe, too. The new Commandant was my skipper on board the USS *California* in 1923-24. Hope the next issue does better.

Ray Reid
Longvale, Calif.

● Leatherneck had no intention of overlooking one of the most important stories of the year. However, this magazine is printed two months in advance and the January issue was going to press early in November. At that time there were only rumors as to who would be the new Commandant. — Ed.

DID WE ERR?

Sirs:

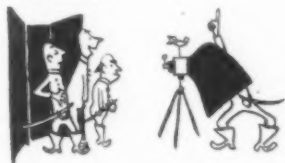
In the January issue of the *Leatherneck*, on page 25, you published a picture entitled "Officers of the 1st Battalion of Marines, Portsmouth, N.H., in 1899."

In the book "History of the Marine Corps," by Metcalf, please refer to the picture opposite page 256, entitled "Officers of the Guantanamo Battalion, 1898."

Are they not the same picture, if so which title is correct?

MSgt. R. D. Milner
Boston 9, Mass.

● With the exception of the date, both are correct. It is a picture of the officers who served in the 1st Battalion of Marines at Guantanamo, Cuba, during the Spanish American War—but the picture was taken at Portsmouth, after they had returned from Cuba. The picture was taken by Marine Walter Patterson, a veteran of that war, in September, 1898.—Ed.



MORE ABOUT DRESS BLUES

Sirs:

In accordance with Letter of Instruction No. 1508, dated 13 October, 1947, the liberty uniform on and after 1 January, 1947, was blues. The Marines at the Naval Gun Factory, Washington 25, D. C., wonder why the Quartermaster General of the Marine Corps did not anticipate the change of the liberty uniform from greens to blues, and why the powers to be did not provide an outer garment such as a cape or topcoat to be worn with the blue uniform during the winter months. Will the enlisted personnel always be required to wear the green overcoat with the red, blue and gold?

With the end of World War II, was it not the intention of the Marine Corps to provide uniforms alike for the officers and enlisted personnel, with the exception of the insignia?

Name withheld by request
Washington 25, D. C.

● The Quartermaster General was aware of the situation you describe, but he was faced with the problem of additional money for the new blue topcoat, or cape, and the fact that it would mean issuing two overcoats to harass the already over-crowded seabag. We do not recall anything about officers being required to wear the same uniform as enlisted men, in the Marine Corps, except when in formation with troops, or observing at such military functions as field problems, or other exercises of similar nature. This is explained in *LoI* 1272 under date of 9 May 46.—Ed.

A WINNER STORY

Sirs:

I just re-read the December issue of *Leatherneck* and ran across the story "Resurrection," (a *Leatherneck* Contest winning story—Ed.) and I just had to write and say I think it was really wonderful. It's something we all feel sometimes, but never mention.

Congratulations to George Christian for a "winner" of a story.

Mrs. C. E. Jewell
San Diego, Calif.

DID LEATHERNECK SLIP?

Sirs:

I noticed a couple of places in the January, 1948 issue of the *Leatherneck* where you pointed out that the wearing of distinctive shoulder insignia would be discontinued on 1 January, 1948. You are absolutely right, BUT I noticed that on the front cover, the poor parade-weary private first class representing July is apparently featuring one of those illegal patches on his blues. Did your cover designer slip up?

Of course it may be that the blues-clad private representing November is the same guy, minus the shoulder patch and minus the stripe, the victim of prompt disciplinary action by his skipper (or *Leatherneck's* not-too-eagle-eyed proofreader)!!

MSgt. Kenneth S. Matson
Cherry Point, N. C.

● This particular cover of which you write was painted, and approved by *Leatherneck* last summer — before any order was published concerning the discontinuance of patches. When the order was published the covers were already printed and it was too late to make any changes. We are referring only to the PFC in the July calendar as one of the 10 per cent who didn't get the word; the character in November did.—Ed.



THE PHANTOM MARINE

Sirs:

Please clear up a situation for myself and a couple of former Marines who work with me. Somehow we came upon the subject of the "Phantom Marine," (*Leatherneck*, May, 1946—Ed.). Immediately I found my copy and we re-read the story. I can't recall whether any more information was given out on it or not. If there was we have missed it.

Please give me any information you can as to whether he was found or if it was his brother's fingerprints on the letter, etc.

John N. Marino
Charleston, W. Va.

● *Leatherneck* has made several attempts to follow up this story but no additional information has been available. As far as we know the "Phantom Marine," is still a mystery.—Ed.

(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)



"TWINS OF THE MAJORS"..
OFFICIAL IN THE MAJOR
LEAGUES SINCE THE
LEAGUES WERE FOUNDED



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SPALDING



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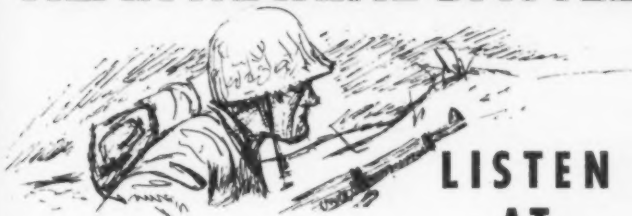
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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
The following first-named persons seek
information concerning the whereabouts of
the second-named.
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mel "Slim" Calscheid, 833 Green Ave., Mt. Ephraim, N. J., would like to hear from "Moose" Kennedy, "Chicken" Hamilton, "Red" Johnson and E. R. Jones, all former buddies in Tsingtao, China.

Robert White, PO Box #378, Mojave, Calif., to hear from a buddy ACK Everett Wright, last known address was with HqSq., Group 44 at Mojave, Calif., now believed living in Chicago, Ill.

Joe B. Smith, PO Box 1525, Modesto, Calif., would like to hear from men he did duty with in "Cincpac Marines," especially Gale E. Hoel and Warren S. Garey.

Marvin F. Bond, 8681 Grand River, Detroit 4, Mich., concerning the present address of Corp. John Baddock, or any other former buddies from H&S, 4th Battalion, Eleventh Marines.

PFC I. M. Griffin, MBNSD., Cheatham Annex, Williamsburg, Va., from R. M. Goubsh, who came through boot camp with him in platoon 301.

James H. Gentry, 559 Second St., Thomaston, Ga., concerning the present whereabouts of Franklin Ray Foster III of Baltimore, Md., who came through Parris Island in Platoon 454 in 1944.

Fernando Fuentes, 2401 E. Yandell Blvd., El Paso, Tex., would like to get in touch with buddies from Platoon 364 at Parris Island, also from friends at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Corporal Alva R. Perry, Jr., Pine Grove Village, Trailer #11997, Camp LeJeune, N. C., would like to hear from any of the old gang from Company A, 1st Battalion, Twenty-Fourth Marines, Fourth Marine Division.

James K. Riggs, RFD 8, Kansas City, Mo., wants to contact S/Sgt. William Howe, a cook on the Provisional Bikini Detachment in 1946.

PFC Lynn W. Buttorff, USMCR, 1723 Almond St., Williamsport, Pa., to contact Sergeant Johnson, formerly a Drill Instructor at Parris Island.

F. T. Hambley, 190 Botsford St., Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., concerning the whereabouts of an old buddy, Ken "Tex" Helgen, who served with him in the Pacific and China with the First Marine Air Wing.

Ex-Corporal Leo Higgins, 5037 Waterman Ave., St. Louis, Mo., to hear from Joseph J. Poniewozik, or any other buddies who served with him.

Ann Mulhalland, 6436 S. Mullen, Tacoma, Wash., would like to correspond with people in China and England.

Mrs. M. D. Robertson, 958 Western Ave., Toledo 9, Ohio, about her son, Charles Case, reported wounded in action on Iwo Jima and later as missing in action.

William L. Myers, 1846 36th Ave., San Francisco, Calif., from members of Platoon 17 (1942) San Diego; VMTB-143, and the USS *Gilbert Islands* (CVE-107) from April to November, 1945.

Corporal Bill "Wm" Varney, Marine Barracks, NAS, Quonset Point, R. I., to contact Clyde C. Black, formerly in VMF-217, MAG 21, whose home is thought to be in Thornton, Tex.

M. E. Hickey, 39-32 Brookside Ave., Fair Lawn, N. J., from G. A. Ely, formerly with the 10th Defense Battalion in the Russells and the Ninth Defense on Rendova.

James H. Pittman, Box #478, Jacksonville, N. C., concerning the present address of a buddy, E. W. (Pete) Wilburn.

Robert "Bougainville Bob" Yarrington, Lacon, Ill., from old friends formerly in Regimental Weapons, Ninth Marines.

Mrs. Cletus C. Plummer, Route #6, Box 812-D, Charlotte, N. C., concerning the present address of a Marine named Tommy Walters, a witness to an accident in which her husband lost his life.

Harry Schmidlin, 923 N. 4th St., Columbus, Ohio, from George Young, Sgt. Milt Henderson, Robert P. Jones and T/Sgt. Carlile, the latter three from the 1st Tank Battalion, formerly in China.

Scotty Pickering, 632 So. Ridgeland, Oak Park, Ill., to hear from an old buddy Tommy Wilson from C Co., First Corps Motor Transport, also about Slugger Wolschlager, Major Pop Seeley, Captain Motelewski, and any of the others from the old outfit.

Edward H. Lowe (ex-corporal), c/o Standard Vacuum Oil Co., 6 Church Lane, Calcutta, India, would like Lieutenant Irving Fine, USMC, ex-adjutant of the Transient Center at Guam, to contact him.

E. J. Murphy, 2980 Tulip St., Philadelphia, Pa., concerning the name of an officer who was killed when he crashed in a quarry about a mile from Congaree Airfield, just out of Columbia, S. C., while practicing carrier landings. He was in VMF-522 (maybe 523 or 524)

Corporal Daniel C. Arnold, 13255026, 82d CIC Det., 82nd Airborne Division, Fort Bragg, N. C., would like to contact any of the buddies he knew while serving with G Company, Twenty-Second Marines.

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An obscure hobby relays the news when
war and peacetime disasters strike

HAMS CAN BE HEROES

PHOTOS BY CORP. PETER FINARELLI

Leatherneck Staff Photographer
and official Marine Corps Photographers

by PFC Michael Gould, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE voice of Sergeant Hall repeated the message monotonously: "This is W3LBS in Washington, D. C., calling CQ . . . This is W3LBS calling CQ . . ."

The little desk lamp cast a pattern of shadows over the maze of complex equipment which filled the length of a large table. Hall's voice was pitched against the crackling static.

"This is W3LBS in Washington . . ."

The ionosphere gave up the faint form of words. Hall twirled one of the dozen dials and the garbled chatter coming in over the loudspeaker took shape:

"ZL4GA . . . ZL4GA in Dunedin, New Zealand, answering W3LBS."

The sergeant flicked a switch:

"Hello ZL4GA, this is Sergeant Bob Hall of the United States Marine Corps Institute DX'ing."

The New Zealander's broad accent could be made out as he answered. After an exchange of ham talk and a promise to contact each other again the following week, poor atmospheric conditions made it impossible to talk further.

Sgt. Hall looked up from the set with obvious satisfaction:

"First time I've worked anyone in New Zealand," he said.

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HAMS CAN BE HEROES (cont.)

By "working," Hall meant contacting another station.

"In most cases it is exactly that—work," he explained. "DX'ing is fishing for foreign stations via the transmitter, and CQ means that the station is open to anyone who may wish to call."

The layman's opinion of hams is that they are

introverted characters obsessed with a mania of some kind, who can usually be found hidden away in a garret surrounded by strange electrical gadgets.

"Some people say we have rocks in our heads," Hall smiled.

Hall's attitude, though, conveys the impression that he is not in the least worried about lay opinion. His forthright, personable attitude and a fullback's build are convincing enough. But it is difficult for

anyone who knows little about ham radio to grasp the point of spending hour upon hour over a code key or microphone merely to exchange pleasantries with a distant operator who has the rasp of static in his voice and who you can never hope to see and may never contact again.

Nevertheless, hams hold that theirs is a most fascinating hobby. They are proud of the fact that it was amateur radio, not professional, that was first on the air.

Back in radio's primitive days, before anyone dreamed of the gigantic networks that today envelope the U. S., crude, make-shift transmitters were constructed by men who looked upon the wonderful new device as a toy; men who had money enough to purchase the few obtainable parts, and ingenuity enough to manufacture parts that couldn't be bought. Radios were built in cigar boxes or any other object that would serve as a frame.

By the time business began to wake up to the commercial possibilities of wireless communication, a large number of amateur operators were successfully using the airwaves.

Before long the government began to notice radio. In fact, it was hit smack in the face with it. Complaints of all kinds began to pour in. Charges ranged from chicken killing to belligerent protests by one station that another was interfering with it. How radio waves killed chickens, the government never found out. Congressmen were quick to realize that radio under government control could provide a brand new source of federal revenue.

Congress created the Federal Communications Commission as a supervisory and licensing agency. From then on, every station, no matter whether it was a large commercial outfit or a school boy's orange-crate set, had to be licensed. Operator licensing was a natural follow-up. In the last few years the stringent requirements for licensing were eased because of the growing simplicity of standard equipment. Hall disclosed how easy it is to obtain an operator's ticket by citing examples of nine- and ten-year olds who have passed the examinations. He revealed the information a little reluctantly, perhaps because he didn't get his start in radio until he was 14.

Before entering the Corps, Hall was a traffic control radio operator for Transcontinental Western Airlines. He also served as a communications specialist with the Civilian Conservation Corps. As an operator on Guam and Okinawa, and now as a radio instructor at MCI, five of Hall's nine years with radio have been spent in the Corps.

After his arrival at MCI, Sgt. Hall realized that his work as an instructor would be vastly improved if there were some practical method of demonstrating radio principles. He figured that if the Institute could obtain the material for a receiver and transmitter, it would benefit the students as well as creating sound publicity for MCI.

After holding school for months with any and all spare parts he could borrow or "appropriate," Hall decided a direct approach might result in getting the desired gear. He visited Lieutenant Colonel H. B. Meeks at Headquarters in Arlington, Va., and asked for his help. Col. Meeks approved the idea and sent a request to the quartermaster. The QM responded with some of the finest material available and the station was quickly set up in the MCI building in Washington, D. C. When the usual forms were filled and the red tape waiting period ended, the FCC granted a license, giving the fledgling station the call letters W3LBS. Almost immediately, Sgt. Hall made his initial broadcast.

His first contact was with W6ULG of Los Angeles. Since then he has spoken with more than 100 individual stations over the entire globe. Although he is in regular contact with an Army amateur in the Pentagon Building and another Army ham on Governor's Island, N. Y., he points his DX'ing at foreign amateurs. He has conversed with radiomen from Tanacross, Alaska; England; Ireland; the Philippines; France; Antigua, West Indies; and every province in Canada, to list generally a few of those who pack his log book.

Although most of the Marine Corps' hams spend their money, and what is usually more valuable, their off-duty time, building their transmitters purely for their own amusement, many have been called upon for aid in both official and personal emergencies. Hams have done some heroic work. In numerous instances amateur stations have had to be relied upon for communication when telephone and messenger services could not deliver the goods.

During the nation-wide telephone strike an incident took place which turned into something permanent. The Marine Corps Institute's baseball team was



Five-year-old Barbara McAdams coaxed radio ham Charles Pierce into allowing her to tell Marines stationed in Honolulu that Oceanside has its share of hula girls, too

playing at Camp Lejeune and it was imperative that a message be delivered to it. Telephoning seemed out of the question. Colonel Donald J. Kendall, commanding officer of a Washington, D. C. post of which MCI is a part, asked Hall to see whether a broadcast to Lejeune could be made.

Hall radioed W4JPY in Elizabeth, N. C., and requested that the station telephone the Coast Guard in order that its powerful transmitter might continue the relay. The Coast Guard contacted MCAS at Cherry Point, N. C., and the Cherry Point airfield control tower radio sent the call to Lejeune. The relay was standing by for the colonel's message when Hall learned that a long distance wire had been obtained and the call completed. The idea of a regular radio message relay service germinated from that seemingly futile beginning. A daily broadcast, a direct one this time, now takes care of messages which otherwise might be delayed for days in the mails, or would entail expensive telephone calls.

W3LBS isn't the only Marine ham station in existence. Many have been operating in the States and the Pacific for years. The glib lawyers of the sea, who consider themselves the unofficial tall-tale spinners of the Corps, all have one or two spectacular, if fanciful, stories of Marine hams. Some of the tales have been confirmed.

Here is one; not a new one, but a good example. A pilot of the First Marine Air Wing, then in Tientsin, China, accidentally stumbled into the limelight by way of amateur radio. Lieutenant Manning T. Jeeter, whose wife was in Union, N. C., was about to become a brand new father. He was sweating it out, awaiting word to reach him in the BOQ at Tientsin. To ease the anxiety, he sat down at his small 18 watt, hand-made transmitter, intending to kill time by conversing with a friend. Jeeter had built the set out of assorted junk and had it licensed by the United States FCC and the Chinese government's equivalent. It was designated station XUIYA. On this occasion Jeeter broke in on an Army ham on Okinawa who happened to be talking to an amateur in Cleveland, Ohio. Although unable to hear the Cleveland man himself, Jeeter got an idea. He interrupted to ask Okinawa whether Cleveland would telephone North Carolina to check on his wife's condition. While the call was in progress, Jeeter's room rapidly filled with his pilot buddies. There was joking by the old family men concerning Jeeter's impending status. The Army man on Okinawa finally delivered the glad tidings. Jeeter's mother-in-law had sent the message:

"Wife and baby are doing fine—it's a boy—weighs eight pounds, 11 ounces—looks like his father."

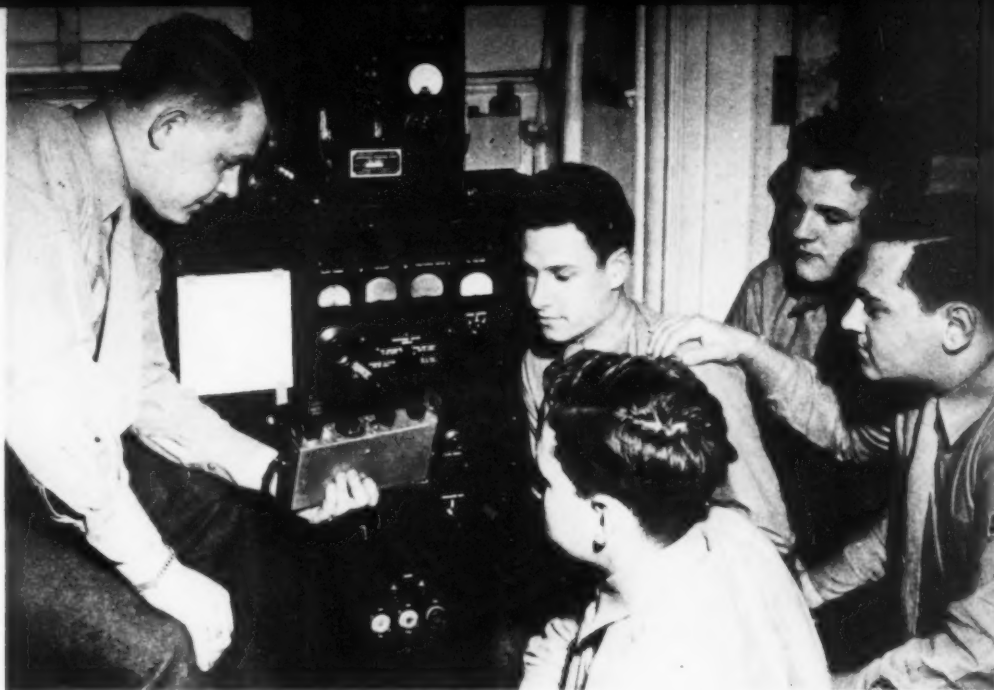
Marines in the Pacific lucky enough to know ham operators have been having long talks with their families and friends in the States through the aid of a Marine amateur at Oceanside, Calif. He is Warrant Officer Charles D. Pierce of Camp Pendleton, known as W6YB to his associates of the ether. Pierce has contacted more than 200 stations in helping family reunions by air.

Pierce has a regular nightly schedule which includes Guam, Saipan and Hawaii, but he does as much DX'ing as other amateurs in addition to keeping his schedule. The evidence of the extensiveness of his operations is revealed by his score of contacts.

His station, which is installed in his home in Oceanside, is constantly being worked by hams from other parts of the U. S. Amateur operators from as far as the east coast radio Pierce to enlist his aid in reuniting Marine families by air. Relatives of Marines in the Pacific wait patiently at east coast ham's stations while Pierce contacts overseas stations so that the relatives may speak to their Marines over the tri-station network. As the parents or wives speak into the microphone, their voices are radioed to Oceanside, where they are relayed thousands of miles to the islands of the Pacific.

Most radio hams have a boring tendency to become extremely technical when they begin discussing their hobby. There is such a profusion of physical laws, nomenclature and theories connected with even the simplest of transmitters that they go into lengthy and confusing explanations when asked "What makes it tick?" Pierce is an exception. When the question was put to him, he gave a simple, clearcut answer.

When the operator speaks into the microphone, his voice produces sound waves which are transformed into radio waves by the transmitter. Then the newly converted waves are thrown from an antenna at a 30 degree angle. They travel to an altitude of approximately 75 miles where they hit the ionosphere and bounce back to the earth thousands of miles from the transmitter. If atmospheric



Sergeant Bob Hall holds informal sessions, complete with practical demonstrations of radio principles, for fellow Marine Corps Institute instructors interested in ham broadcasting

conditions are favorable, the waves sometimes bounce completely around the globe. When another amateur tunes his set to the frequency the waves are traveling he will receive Pierce's message. As far as the waves keep bouncing, radios can pick up Pierce's transmission.

Staff Sergeant Bill Schlef, on duty in San Diego, uses his ham station, W6WZL, to further a love affair. Schlef whispers sweet nothings almost every night to his fiancée who lives 5000 miles away, at Auckland, New Zealand. After his first contact with station ZLING in Auckland Schlef called the New Zealander at a predetermined time each week. Zling would telephone Schlef's girl and she would dash to the station to hear her Marine attempt to enact a Casanova role via the ether.

The arrangement was wonderful as far as Schlef was concerned, but the New Zealand Radio Commission didn't share his enthusiasm. As soon as officials heard of the romance which was being conducted over the air, they called it to an abrupt halt. Amateurs in New Zealand aren't permitted to call anyone to a ham station unless it is a near relative. But, as the time-worn expression goes, "love will find a way." Schlef solved the problem simply by telling the girl to go to the amateur's station three times a week and stand-by for his call. Now, when his voice reaches Auckland, the girl friend is waiting at the microphone.

A former Second Division communications man, Schlef met his girl while his outfit was based in Auckland during the war. After he had returned Stateside and set up a radio station, he happened across ZLING one day while testing his transmitter. In the ensuing conversation he learned that his sweetheart lived but a short distance from the New Zealand amateur's home. Sgt. Schlef convinced ZLING that he should send for the girl. ZLING decided to be a "good Joe" and had the girl at his station within an hour of Schlef's broadcast. The two talked to each other for the first time in three years.

WHEN war seemed imminent for the United States and had already become a reality for England, American ham operators all over the country were flocking to the British Consul to enroll in the English Civilian Technical Corps, in answer to an urgent call sent abroad by Britain. England desperately needed technicians to occupy radio interception posts used to locate and spot aircraft. There were few hams in England before the war because of the severe obstacles placed in the amateur's way by government regulations and radio parts prices. The lack of technicians became a genuine emergency. Radio was the only means of predicting the arrival of bombing attacks with which Germany was then showering Britain.

The hams were examined in very much the manner that the U. S. Civil Service tests its applicants. Once accepted, they were furnished with Royal Flying Force uniforms, upon which they wore distin-

guishing CTC shoulder patches, and black buttons instead of the regular brass.

Upon arriving in England, the American volunteers were placed in RAF technical schools for a 12-week training period, after which they were sent to radio location bases. The United States declared war on the Axis during the training of this large group of ham volunteers.

The war literally picked amateur radio up by the scruff of its neck and snatched it from the civilian world. The majority of hams were drafted into specialized radio branches of the armed forces and were placed in important positions. Many of them promptly received commissions or high noncom rates. With the rapid growth of military radio, and later radar, these men contributed much to the overwhelming success the U. S. enjoyed in the communications field.

Although the FCC and the Federal Bureau of Investigation were temporarily satisfied after swelling their ranks with the amateurs not drafted, some U. S. officials covetously eyed the American volunteers in England who had enlisted previous to the United States' entrance into the war. Some of these hams came back but many stayed at their vital posts in Britain, feeling that they could do more where they were. Because of the sudden demand for micrometer-close monitoring of the airwaves, special stations were quickly constructed all over the U. S. Every unusual squeak that went over the air in wartime was carefully noted and reported by these posts. Monitoring stations operated by hams were responsible for movie-like captures of enemy agents. Their work was done in a secrecy paralleling the security which shrouded actual battle plans. Some of their reports still remain highly confidential material.

Wartime inter-city networks provided worthwhile tasks for essential and 4-F hams left in civilian life. All the large cities of the nation formed interlocking, well-integrated systems to enable air raid wardens, fire departments and police to cooperate to the fullest extent in case of air attacks.

During the Texas City disaster of April, a ham operator maintained one of the busiest lines of communication by setting up an emergency transmitter in what remained of the town's Municipal Building. He was B. H. Standley, W5FQQ of Houston, who rushed to Texas City immediately after the first explosions. He broadcast continuously for 36 hours, calling only priority messages at first, then personal transmissions.

The second explosion threw Standley to the deck in a shower of broken glass and splinters, but he continued to keep his station on the air. After 250 messages had been sent, and the emergency partially alleviated by rescue workers, the weary operator signed off and went home to bed.

Incidents such as these have made ham radio operators one of the most closely-knit bodies of hobbyists in the world. Amateur radio is one of the few really international avocations. **END**

Books Reviewed

ADMIRAL HALSEY'S STORY. By Admiral William F. Halsey and J. Bryan. McGraw-Hill. \$4.00.

FOR 41 years before December 7, 1941, the United States Navy had been developing a "secret weapon."

In it were incorporated the important lessons gleaned from the history of naval warfare, native American ability supplemented by sound naval judgment, and the results of nearly a half-century of practical experience and experiments afloat. This "weapon" emerged in the form of a commander who could out-think, out-guess, out-maneuver, and out-fight an enemy noted for trickery and ferocity. No single man better symbolizes the professional excellence of the American naval high command than Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey.

While historical accounts of wars and battles may provide accurate records of the events, they seldom show an insight of the important human element introduced by the individual men who set the stage and made the decisions as the drama was played out to its bitter or triumphant end.

To understand many of the aspects of the Pacific war, it is essential to know something about Adm. Halsey. His own personal influence was manifest during the days immediately following the Pearl Harbor attack; at Guadalcanal; during the recapture of the Philippines; at Okinawa; and even at the final surrender scene. To argue that if there had been no Halsey someone else would have done the



job is to miss the point entirely. Without Halsey, the end result might have been the same, although some of the details of the events leading up to that climax surely would have been different. But Halsey was both an outstanding individual commander and at the same time the living embodiment of the pattern of high command which the Navy had developed. We venture to say that if this figure had not been Halsey, it would have been someone else startlingly like him.

In addition to being an excellent autobiography of one of the most colorful characters ever to leave his mark on American history, the admiral's story is important background material for anyone who would understand the war against Japan. Much of the story is humorous. It would fail miserably to reflect the admiral's personality if it were not so. No one can accuse Halsey of lacking a sense of humor, or of ever taking Halsey too seriously.

His own accounts of the information available to him at the time when many of his most important decisions were made, emphasizes one of the greatest problems which confronts every military commander. This is particularly true in his side of the controversy over his actions during the battle for Leyte Gulf.

Adm. Halsey's observations on two other very controversial questions are worthy of mention here. He believes that he knows exactly where the blame for the Pearl Harbor disaster lies. Without bitterness, and pulling no punches, he lays the blame directly where he thinks it belongs, tells the reader why he thinks so, and then drops the subject without further ado. His views on inter-services rivalry in the Pacific and the accounts of his own dealings with General MacArthur and other Army officers make interesting reading.—J.F.M.

UNCONQUERED. By Neil H. Swanson. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. \$3.00.

THE cumulative results of many men's greed, lust for power, and selfish acts can build pent-up forces which must result in the bursting of a disaster so great that the basic causes are obscured. The blame then rests not upon an obvious villain, but upon all those whose acts, or whose passive acceptance of the selfish acts of others, have unknowingly added to the violence of the final explosion.

"Unconquered" is the story of one such



disaster. It is the story not only of the victims, but also of the causes. It is not only concerned with the effects of a disaster upon one man and one woman, but with the thousands who contributed to the forces which grew far beyond their control. It unravels the web of human motives which led, through many entanglements, to the eventual conquest of a continent.

Abigail Martha, a glamorous young girl, leaves her home in Cerne Abbas, a tiny country town in Dorset, and goes to London where she is accused and convicted of a murder she did not commit. Abby is sentenced to hang, but the "merciful" court allows her to be sent to the colonies in America and there sold into slavery for 14 years. For these were the days, back in the mid-18th Century, when a girl could be bought and sold in the colonies as one would buy or sell a cow, a horse, or a dog—when she could be lawfully stripped naked in public, whipped, shamed, and degraded.

Abby Martha becomes the absolute property of a wicked, scheming man who lusts for her, even though he has a wife who is the daughter of one of the most treacherous Indian chiefs.

Chris Holden, born a gentleman, but a frontiersman by choice, also has a claim on Abby as well as a bitter hatred for her owner on whom he places the blame for the Indian uprisings and the massacre of settlers who have pushed Westward beyond the boundaries of colonial civilization. Disillusioned by the loose living and lax morals on the big plantation in the East, disgusted at his own weakness in becoming involved with his own brother's wife, Holden's only interest in Abby at first is her usefulness as a means of destroying his mortal enemy. But he falls in love with Abby, rescues her from both her white owners and Indian captors, and brings the golden-haired, blue-eyed girl safely to Fort

Pitt which is under siege during the great Pontiac conspiracy.

Chris' and Abby's passionate devotion to each other gives them courage to face the hardships of their journey through savage-filled forests, and their love soon heals the wounds which unkind fate has dealt them.

The story skillfully avoids the single hero and one villain relationship between its characters. Chris is not always the perfect hero, and he fails in many ways to understand that the villainy of his enemy is not so much the wickedness of the man as it is the reflection of accumulated greed and selfishness which were so characteristic of the times.

It is the story of "those clamoring, demanding, unwashed, and unshaven, evil-smelling and foul-talking men who swarmed across five mountain ranges in a profane and matter-of-fact disregard" of death and danger.—J.F.M.

DRUMS OF DESTINY. By Peter Bourne. G. R. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.00.

PETER BOURNE'S "Drums of Destiny" is a late addition to the growing list of historical novels. It is the story of that almost forgotten era in history when a short-lived Negro empire was established on the island of Haiti during the time of Napoleon.

The novel's plot concerns two men whose race, temperaments and stations in life were in direct opposition; and yet, their close association with each other made it possible for them to attain fabulous heights.

The first was Henri Christophe, a Negro who was born as a slave in one of the cane fields of Haiti, and eventually became Henry I, King of Haiti; the other was Duncan Stewart, a Scotsman, who began life as a farmer's son, and through a series of odd circumstances became the personal physician to King Henry, and the only white man on the island of Haiti who was liked and trusted by the Negro.

It is impossible to give more than the barest outline of a plot having the wide scope of the one contained in "Drums of Destiny." Briefly, it describes Duncan Stewart's early life in England as the adopted son of a famous London physician and the circumstances which forced him to flee from England and find refuge on a ship going to Haiti. Soon after his arrival, he becomes an object of contempt and scorn from the aristocratic plantation owners when he saves the life of Christophe through an operation and wins the lifelong friendship of the Negro. When the Negroes break into a flaming, savage revolt against their masters, Stewart makes the final break and becomes the physician to the Negro armies.

An almost unbelievable series of circumstances follows, with war and peace, treachery and trust, love and hate, benevolence and tyranny, brutality and compassion occurring almost simultaneously, until Henry Christophe is crowned Henry I, King of Haiti. The story ends when Christophe, having lived by the sword, eventually dies that way.

Although parts of the novel are somewhat less than absorbing, "Drums of Destiny" is one of the most outstanding recent novels. Good writing is combined with a plot so incredulous that the reader frequently wonders if it is history or very imaginative fiction. It is likely that "Drums of Destiny" is headed toward the best seller lists.—W.F.K.

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